The Journal of Historical Review

Volume 14, Number 3 May / June 1994

Twelfth IHR Conference Set for September

Spielberg's "Schindler's List
Greg Raven

"Swindler's List"
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Spielberg's Nazis
Joseph Sobran

"60 Minutes" Takes On Holocaust Revisionism

The Enigma of Hitler
Leon Degrelle

"My Patient, Hitler"
Dr. Eduard Bloch

A Dangerous Cult of Novelty
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A Holocaust Debate

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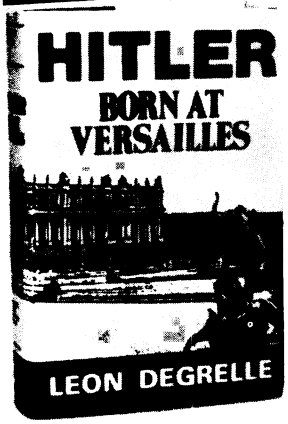
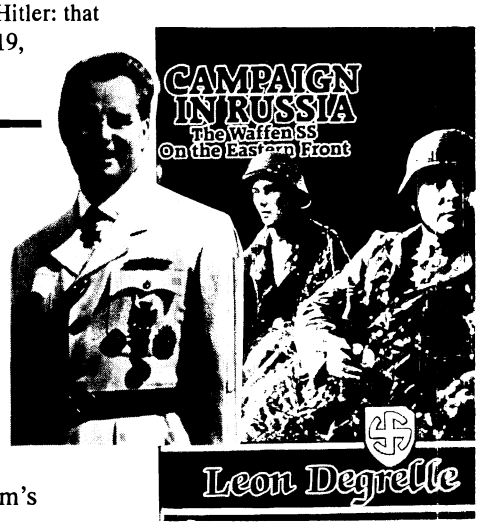


THE FIRST WORLD WAR has long been overshadowed by the even more destructive conflict that followed within twenty years of its end. Yet the "Great War" of 1914-1918 cost more than eight million dead and more than twenty million wounded. It shattered empires, spawned blood-drenched revolutions, and set the Third World ablaze with anti-colonial fervor. In a few short years the cataclysm that was the First World War laid low the crowned heads of half of Europe. And from the bloody trenches and bomb-created no-man's land of its most furious battles would spring forth a lonely and unsung German infantryman, Adolf Hitler, to put his stamp on the twentieth century as has no man before or since.

Author Leon Degrelle, a highly decorated combat veteran and a former confidante of the German Fuehrer at the height of his power, has exploited long-neglected documents in this comprehensive history of the war that ignited what he calls "The Hitler Century," the modern Iron Age of total war and fragile peace. His findings smash once and for all the myth of German war guilt. Degrelle argues with passion and eloquence that the corrupt leaders of France's Third Republic, the power-hungry intriguers of Pan-Slavism, the buccaneers of British imperialism, and the shadowy eminences of international finance and world Zionism unleashed and prolonged the carnage. He also unveils the sordid postwar maneuvers of the West's intellectually and morally bankrupt leaders, as they carved up a prostrate central Europe wracked by the alien contagion of Bolshevism.

The reader will learn the sinister secret of Sarajevo and the real culprits who sent the *Lusitania* to its doom: he'll penetrate the gloom that shrouds the *real* origins of today's Mideast conflict; he'll discover the hidden forces that brought Communism to Russia. He'll slog with British Tommies, French Poilus and German Landsers through the muck of Passchendaele and Verdun: ride with Lawrence through Arabia's sun-dazzled sands: plot with Lenin and a handful of conspirators in Zurich and St. Petersburg: battle Bolsheviks in furious street fights in Munich and Berlin. And the reader will grasp the key to the secret origins of Adolf Hitler: that the Third Reich's leader was born, not in Austria in 1889, but in 1919, at Versailles.

AN ELECTRIFYING BATTLEFIELD SAGA UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER READ! Leon Degrelle's
CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA: The Waffen SS on the Eastern Front



***Through the epic of the Belgian volunteers—one unit among a hundred others—it is the entire Russian front which is going to come into view once more . . . Out there in the endless steppes, men lived. You, reader, friend or enemy—watch them come back to life; for we are living in a period when one must look very hard to find real men, and they were that to the very marrow of their bones, as you are going to see.*— LEON DEGRELLE**

At the outbreak of the Second World War, Leon Degrelle was the youthful leader of Belgium's most dynamic political movement.

When Germany and her Axis allies attacked the Soviet Union in June 1941, Degrelle enthusiastically joined what he and millions of others saw as a pan-European crusade to crush Communism. His proposal to raise a volunteer battalion of fellow French-speaking Walloons to win a place of honor for Belgium in Hitler's new Europe was quickly accepted by the Germans.

Turning down an invitation to begin as an officer in the newly formed combat unit, he instead chose to start as a private, sharing all the burdens of his comrades. When he departed for military service at the age of 35, he had never fired a weapon. Cynics predicted that he would return on the next train. Instead, he rose through the ranks to become commander of the unit known as the 28th SS Division "Wallonia."

As a result of the extraordinary courage and leadership he showed on the Narva front in Estonia, he became the first non-German to be awarded the coveted Oak Leaves to the Knight's Cross. Hitler personally bestowed the honor.

Of the first 800 Walloon volunteers who left for the Eastern front, only three survived the war, one of them Degrelle, who was wounded seven times during the course of his three and a half years of combat. All told, some 2,500 Walloons fell against the Soviets.

A gifted writer, Degrelle's account of his comrades' experiences in the bloody, freezing hell that was the eastern front is told with graphic and astringent force. First published in French, *Campaign in Russia* is an important eyewitness memoir of the most titanic military clash in history. This gripping saga of duty, death and fierce combat against numerically superior Soviet forces has won enthusiastic acclaim from readers around the world.

CAMPAIGN IN RUSSIA: The Waffen SS on the Eastern Front by Leon Degrelle has an introduction by Theodore O'Keefe. Clothbound, 360 pages, $17.95 + $2.00 postage. Calif. residents please add 7.75% sales tax. ISBN 0-939484-18-8

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On the Cover: In a scene from Steven Spielberg's new movie, "Schindler's List," German businessman Oskar Schindler (played by Liam Neeson, left) and Jewish accountant Itzhak Stern (played by Ben Kingsley) assemble the list of more than a thousand Jews to be placed under Schindler's protection.

The Journal of Historical Review (ISSN: 0195-6752) began publication in 1980. It upholds and continues the tradition of Historical Revisionism of scholars such as Harry Elmer Barnes, A.J.P. Taylor, William H. Chamberlin, Paul Rassinier and Charles Tansill. *The Journal of Historical Review* is published six times yearly by the **Institute for Historical Review**, P.O. Box 4296, Torrance, CA 90510, USA. Subscription price: $40 per year, $65 for two years, and $90 for three years. For foreign subscriptions, add $10 per year. For overseas airmail delivery, add $30 per year. Remittances for subscriptions must be payable in US dollars drawable on a US bank.

Single issues — Spring 1986 (Volume 7) to the present — are available for sale for $7.50 each, plus $1.05 shipping. Back issues of the *Journal* are also available for purchase in hardbound annual volumes for the years 1984, 1985, 1986, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991 and 1992, for $35.00 each. Please write for our booklist and prices. Quantity subscription and bulk issue rates are available upon request.

Appropriate manuscripts are welcomed by the Editor. They should be double-spaced and accompanied by return postage. Especially welcome are submissions on IBM-compatible or Macintosh computer diskette. Please address all correspondence to P.O. Box 2739, Newport Beach, CA 92659

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Twelfth IHR Conference Set for September

Leading Revisionist Historians and Activists To Meet in Southern California Over Labor Day Weekend

Scholars, activists and friends of the Institute for Historical Review are scheduled to meet over Labor Day weekend, September 3–5, in southern California for the IHR's Twelfth International Revisionist Conference. Highlighting the roster of speakers will be bestselling historian **David Irving**, French revisionist scholar **Robert Faurisson**, and German-Canadian revisionist activist **Ernst Zündel**.

Closer Cooperation

This forthcoming Conference highlights the ever closer cooperation between revisionist scholars, activists, publicists and supporters. No one better personifies this spirit than the German-born, Toronto-based **Ernst Zündel**. There's scarcely a revisionist who's accomplished as much — through his publishing efforts as chief of Samisdat Publishers; through his longtime media activism in Canada, Germany, and now, through his ambitious television and radio network, around the globe; and above all through his two trials in Toronto under Canada's repressive "false news" statute, which ended with Canada's highest court throwing out as unconstitutional the strange law under which he was twice convicted.

Zündel's two "Holocaust trials" (1985 and 1988) generated storms of publicity for the revisionist view, and brought breakthroughs for historical revisionism and free speech. In courageously choosing to defend himself by forthrightly attacking the historicity of the Holocaust story, Zündel organized a mountain of evidence and expert testimony. Much of this was presented for the first time at his trials, including that of Fred Leuchter (whose forensic study of the Auschwitz "gas chambers" was commissioned by Zündel).

Zündel's appearance at an IHR conference has been long awaited: after speaking at the inaugural Conference in 1979, he was scheduled as a guest at both the Eighth (1987) and the Eleventh (1992) conferences, only to be turned back at the border each time by US customs officials. (Because he has had no trouble recently visiting the US, including a brief stay at the IHR's offices, we are confident that he will appear as scheduled in September.)

Robert Faurisson, a university professor with an established reputation in French literature, has for several decades now carried out research on every aspect of the Holocaust story. His numerous meticulously researched articles on aspects of the Holocaust issue have led to a series of draining trials and physical attacks in France, including a nearly fatal beating in 1990. More than anyone, he inspired France's repressive July 1990 law criminalizing challenges to the factuality of the Holocaust story. He has audaciously challenged the Holocaust lobby in Sweden, Canada, and in French courts.

Dr. Faurisson will lecture on the significance of the documents on Auschwitz and other German camps that have recently emerged after years of suppression from Moscow archives. He will explain how French researcher Jean-Claude Pressac has misrepresented many of these documents in his much-discussed recent book.

English historian **David Irving** will bring attendees up to date on his startling discoveries about the "Final Solution" and other key historical issues from the complete diaries of Hitler's propaganda chief Joseph Goebbels. Irving, who played a major role in bringing these long-suppressed diaries to light, will also brief attendees on the increasingly

Dr. Robert Faurisson (left) and Dr. Robert Countess at the special IHR meeting in suburban Washington, DC, April 21, 1993.

frantic global campaign to muzzle him (and other Holocaust revisionists), whether by attempting to deny him entry to Australia and Italy, by convicting

David Irving

him for his revisionist views in Germany, or by pressuring bookstores in Britain that sell his works by vandalism and boycott. Irving, one of the world's most prolific and bestselling historians, is author of such acclaimed works as *The Destruction of Dresden*, *Hitler's War*, *The Trail of the Fox*, and *Uprising!*.

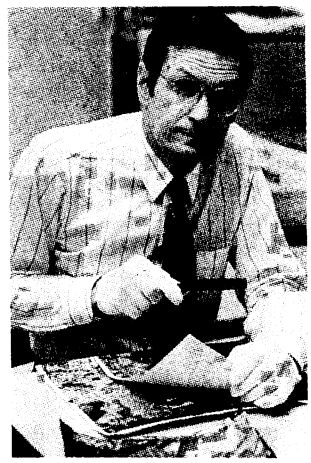
Scholars

Professor **H. W. Koch**, an internationally recognized specialist of German history who teaches at the University of York (England), will speak on the origins of the Second World War. He is the author of numerous scholarly articles and several books, including *A History of Prussia*, *Hitler Youth: Origins and Development 1922–1945* and *A Constitutional History of Germany in the 19th and 20th Centuries*. He is also editor of and contributor to *Aspects of the Third Reich*, a 611–page quasi-revisionist anthology (published in 1985 by St. Martin's Press). With his impressive mastery of German history and his courageous engagement for historical truth, Dr. Koch's lecture should be particularly memorable.

Anthony Martin, Professor of Africana studies at Wellesley College (Massachusetts), will describe the storm of controversy that was set off because he included readings on the Jewish involvement in the trans-Atlantic slave trade in his survey course on African-American history. His "response to the unprincipled attacks, defamatory statements, assaults on my livelihood and physical threats" was a book, *The Jewish Onslaught: Despatches from the Wellesley Battlefront*, which has been selling briskly. A widely recognized specialist of African American history, Dr. Martin has authored or compiled and edited eleven books.

Michael Shermer, Adjunct Assistant Professor of History of Science at Occidental College in Los Angeles, appeared with David Cole on the recent "Donahue Show" broadcast devoted to Holocaust revisionism. Shermer is editor of *Skeptic* magazine, which counts prominent historians and educators among its readership. In an editorial in issue No. 2, 1993, he wrote: "I believe that skeptics should investigate the Holocaust revisionists. By 'investigate' I mean doing a rational skeptical analysis of their claims and the evidence for them. . . . It is time to move beyond name calling and lay the evidence out on the table." Shermer plans to devote considerable space to Holocaust revisionism in forthcoming issues of *Skeptic*.

Because Shermer has been critical of the revisionist view, his proposal to speak at the IHR Conference was accepted with some hesitation. It was felt, though, that attendees would appreciate an opportunity to hear this non-revisionist present his case, and perhaps witness a lively exchange of thoughtful views.



John Ball

John Ball, a mineral exploration geologist from British Columbia, will speak about his research and professional evaluation of wartime aerial photography, providing devastating new insights into the suppressed history of Auschwitz and other alleged German death camps. Ball has gathered, studied, and published scores of long suppressed aerial reconnaissance photographs of Auschwitz, Treblinka, Belzec, Majdanek, Sobibor, and other German camps. His expert analysis of these wartime photos sheds new light on what actually did and didn't happen at these camps, providing valuable new data and insights against the Holocaust extermination story. Ball will illustrate his presentation with slides of wartime aerial photos, including some of the Plaszow camp, which featured prominently in Spielberg's "Schindler's List." Ball will expose numerous factual lies of the widely-acclaimed movie.

Fred Leuchter is America's foremost expert on the design and operation of execution hardware, and the author of the history-making technical study that demolishes the Auschwitz gassing myth. He will update conference guests on his ordeal last fall at the hands of German "justice," and on the trial that awaits him in Germany for daring to speak openly about his history-making forensic investigation of alleged "gas chambers."

No American has suffered more as a result of his dissident views on the Holocaust story. Because he has refused to lie under oath about his professional on-site investigation of the Auschwitz "gas chambers," he lost his livelihood and was dragged to court to face criminal charges in the United States, and then was arrested last fall and cast into jail for a month in Germany for violating that nation's absurd law criminalizing dissenting views about the Auschwitz extermination story.

Activists

Bradley Smith, longtime head of IHR's Media Project and director of the Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust (CODOH), will share his experiences in defying ADL censorship to bring revisionist facts and arguments to hundreds of thousands of students and professors as part of his highly successful Campus Project. He will speak about his headline-making campaign to place revisionist advertisements in scores of student papers across America.

Since the IHR's last Conference, Smith has become something of a national media celebrity. In addition to numerous appearances as a guest on radio talk shows, Smith has appeared as a guest on the "Donahue Show," was featured on CBS's "48 Hours" and appeared on "60 Minutes." Moreover, he was the subject of nationally broadcast discussions by the likes of Pat Buchanan and Gordon Liddy, and of major articles in *Time*, *The New York Times*, and of *Newsday* and of columns by journalists such as syndicated columnist William Buckley and the *Washington Post*'s Richard Cohen.

Prof. Tony Martin

And why not? As attendees at past conferences know, Bradley is as personable as he is effective, and the public appearance of this playwright, memoirist, former merchant seaman, deputy sheriff, and combat infantryman are always rich in anecdote, insight and information.

David Cole, an increasingly effective voice for Holocaust revisionism, returns to preview his promising second video on alleged wartime German killing facilities, "The Gas Chambers: A Look at the Physical Evidence." Last year, in association with Smith, he produced the blockbuster video "Cole Interviews Dr. Franciszek Piper," in which the curator of the Auschwitz State Museum admits on film that the "gas chamber" shown to tourists there is actually a postwar reconstruction. (So effective is this video that Israeli Holocaust historian Yehuda Bauer described it as "powerful.")

This youthful Jewish filmmaker has also proven himself an effective spokesman for the revisionist view in television appearances on the "Donahue," "Montel Williams," and "Morton Downey" shows, as well as a memorable speaker, as he proved at IHR's Eleventh Conference.

David Cole (left) with Michael Shermer, during their recent appearances on the "Donahue" show.

IHR Editorial Advisor **Dr. Robert Countess,** an ordained minister as well as a former college-level instructor in history, will update attendees on his wide-ranging activism since the Eleventh Conference.

For security reasons, we cannot yet reveal the identity of this year's **Mystery Speaker**, except to state that he is a highly qualified technician from Europe whose study of the alleged mass-murder "gas chambers" at Auschwitz confirms that these facilities were not and could not have been used to kill people as claimed. His dramatic findings corroborate and strengthen the findings of the Institute of Forensic Research in Krakow (Poland) and of Leuchter and other qualified investigators.

"Mystery speakers" at previous IHR conferences have included Pulitzer prize-winning American historian John Toland, German combat veteran and historian General Otto Ernst Remer, and Wolf-Rüdiger Hess, son of the Third Reich's Deputy Führer.

IHR Staff

As usual, IHR staff members will feature prominently on the rostrum.

Serving as Master of Ceremonies this year will be **Greg Raven**, Associate Editor of the IHR *Journal*. He has devoted his considerable writing, editing, and computer skills to virtually every aspect of the IHR's work since he began work here in September 1992.

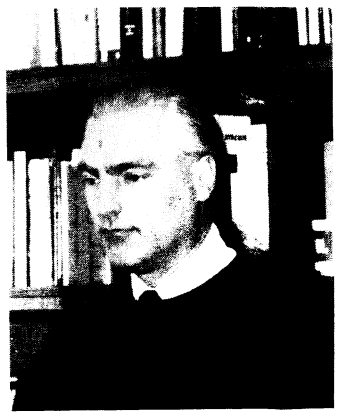
Journal Editor **Mark Weber** will once again deliver the keynote address, summing up IHR and revisionism's achievements since the previous conference, and outlining present and future challenges. Weber will share with attendees his own considerable recent experiences.

IHR editor **Ted O'Keefe** will dedicate the Twelfth Conference to the memory of the late American historian and journalist, William Henry Chamberlin. Chamberlin is perhaps best known to contemporary revisionists for his *America's Second Crusade*, a critical history of America's involvement and role in the Second World War. His three-volume history of the Russian Revolution is still a standard work. As a reporter for the *Christian Science Monitor* in the 1930s, Chamberlin was one of the few journalists to accurately report on the contrived Soviet famine in Russia and Ukraine.

Institute Director **Tom Marcellus** will report to conference attendees on IHR business and organizational development since the Eleventh Conference in 1992, including the background and current situation arising from the termination last September of the IHR's association with Willis Carto.

Growing Impact

In the period since the IHR's very successful Eleventh Conference in October 1992, historical revisionism — and in particular the branch that seeks to determine the facts about the so-called "Holocaust" — has become widely known across America and around the world. Spearheaded by the Institute for Historical Review, the persistent efforts of revisionists around the world to research and publicize suppressed facts about key chapters of twentieth century history — often at great personal cost, as readers of this *Journal* well know — have at last established a permanent media beachhead.



Greg Raven

Television, radio, the print media are now coming to *us* — and while their coverage continues to be overwhelmingly hostile and often grotesquely distorted, the fact of Holocaust revisionism has lodged itself irrevocably in the public consciousness. And, as recent opinion polls suggest, a large and growing number of Americans have begun to doubt the orthodox Holocaust extermination story — in spite of a relentless Holocaust media campaign.

Tom Marcellus

The courage and perseverance of revisionist scholars and publicists in achieving this recent breakthrough has brought an important policy change within the Holocaust Lobby. After years of superciliously pretending to ignore revisionists' scholarly findings, while entrusting the job of destroying revisionism to Zionist watchdogs such as the ADL in the United States, and to courts and police abroad, the Lobby's spokesmen have at long last been forced to attempt to answer revisionist arguments directly. One sign of this development has been the appearance, to predictable media hosannas, of Deborah Lipstadt's *Denying the Holocaust* (reviewed in the Nov.–Dec. 1993 *Journal*), as well as of Jean-Claude Pressac's book-length responses to revisionist research. This shift — from blackout to "exposure" to attempted refutation — is also manifest in many of the recent newspaper and magazine articles dealing with various aspects of the Holocaust story, including much of the publicity for the US Holocaust Memorial Museum, and for Spielberg's "Schindler's List."

Smears and Legal Repression

Despite the success of the IHR and its allies in publicizing the results of revisionist scholarship, and in pressing the Holocaust Lobby onto the defensive, revisionists remain the targets of a formidable array of repressive laws and practices in several countries. Laws preventing revisionists' freedom of speech and expression, their exclusion from various countries, and the failure of authorities to punish physical attacks against of revisionists — all these remain a hard, oppressive reality with which revisionist researchers and publicists abroad must cope at great expense in time, money, and sometimes personal liberty. And yet, this persecution is a sure sign of progress because it underscores the essential weakness of the Holocaust edifice, and points up the fearful desperation of the traditional enemies of truth.

A Unique Opportunity

As attendees of previous gatherings can attest, an IHR Conference is a unique event: uplifting, informative, and enjoyable. Nothing matches the opportunity to not only see and hear, but to meet personally and chat with revisionist scholars and activists from around the world, the men and women who, often at great personal cost, have led and continue to lead the world-wide crusade for truth about the most tabooed aspects of twentieth century history.

If you'd like to experience the thrill of historical discovery, the inspiration of selfless combat for historical truth, and the camaraderie of revisionists from around the world, plan to be there for IHR's Twelfth Conference.

Register Today!

The Twelfth IHR Conference will be held over Labor Day weekend — Saturday through Monday, September 3–5, 1994 — in the greater Los Angeles area. The precise site will be announced later to attendees.

The regular registration fee (after July 15) is $355 per person, and $275 per additional family member. (Earlybird registration is $325 per person, and $250 per additional family member.) Previous IHR Conference attendees can reserve their place simply by remitting the registration fee (payable by personal check, money order, Visa or Mastercard).

Those who have not previously attended an IHR Conference should first fill out and submit a Conference application form. (A form is being mailed out with this issue of the *Journal*. Additional forms can be obtained from the IHR office.)

Sponsored by the Institute for Historical Review, the Conference is a private meeting. We reserve the right to refuse admission to anyone.

Space is limited, so reserve your place now!

Could *You* Survive a Nuclear Attack?

Why I Survived The A-Bomb

By **Akira Kohchi** (Albert Kawachi)

Until now, the *real* story of the first nuclear holocaust had not been told. Previous books on the atomic bombings of Hiroshima approached it only obliquely: technical works hailed it as a marvel of nuclear science, and books written from the military perspective honored the men who gave and carried out a difficult order. Even the eyewitness accounts, numbering some two thousand—and almost all yet to be translated from the Japanese—are overwhelmingly stories of *personal* misery. The total picture—the background, scope, and consequences of the catastrophe—has, until now, never been presented.

Why I Survived the A-Bomb tells a unique and fascinating story as seen from inside Japan 48 years ago and today. The author is eminently qualified—he lived through the experience of a nuclear attack and walked through the flaming, radioactive city of Hiroshima!

Holocaust survivor and author Albert Kawachi

Albert Kawachi, a longtime United Nations finance officer, explores the attempts at political and economic justifications for the atom-bombing as he describes the day-to-day living experiences of his family in its wake. His story is dramatic, informative, and historically revisionist.

What was it really like to survive the massive devastation, then deal with the suffering and humiliation wrought by this American doomsday weapon? Who was behind the use of the bomb in the first place? And what did it really accomplish? We need real answers to these hard questions before we speak glibly of defense and disarmament, and before we argue over trade imbalances and deficits, for what happened at Hiroshima and Nagasaki could be our tomorrow.

Chapters include: At the Beginning • The Pacific • The Home Battleground • Hiroshima on August 6, 1945 • The Days After • The Surrender of Japan and Her Recovery • My America and "Pearl Harbor" • Hiroshima and Me • At the End

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Spielberg's "Schindler's List"

"Schindler's List." Based on the novel by Thomas Keneally. Screenplay by Steven Zaillian. Director of Photography, Janusz Kaminski. Music by John Williams. Produced by Steven Spielberg, Gerald R. Molen and Branko Lustig. Directed by Steven Spielberg. Universal Pictures. An Amblin Entertainment production. MPAA rating "R." Running time: 185 minutes.

Reviewed by Greg Raven

Even before its release, reports in the media called "Schindler's List" a shoo-in for any number of awards. Later, after a pre-release screening of this latest Steven Spielberg movie, Holocaust survivors (some of whom claimed to have been on the list to which the movie's title refers) proclaimed that the film exactly depicted how things had been nearly 50 years ago in Eastern Europe.

In the months since its release in December 1993, "Schindler's List" has indeed garnered many awards, and hundreds — if not thousands — of others have joined in citing this film as being so true to life that anyone could learn from watching. Here, we are told, is the final answer to those who "deny the Holocaust."

Once its veneer of political-correctness is stripped away, however, "Schindler's List" can be seen for what it is — a failure both as a movie and as a record of a historical event. What is surprising is the extent to which it fails.

Director/producer Spielberg worked on "Schindler's List" for ten years, starting soon after finishing "E.T.: The Extraterrestrial" in 1983. Spielberg learned about the Holocaust from his grandparents, who, according to Spielberg, "constantly spoke about the Holocaust" even though they were not affected by it personally. He now says, "I've been preparing for this film my whole life," although he alternately claims to have discovered his Jewishness during the making of the film.

While Spielberg has made a few films that did not catch the public's imagination ("1941," "Color Purple," "Empire of the Sun," "Hook"), he still rates as one of the most successful directors of all times: "Jurassic Park," "E.T.," "Jaws," "Close Encounters of the Third Kind," "Raiders of the Last Ark" (another film with Nazi bad guys), the "Back to the Future" trilogy, and "Who Framed Roger Rabbit?". His films have out-grossed even those of his contemporary, George Lucas. If any director could make a film about the Holocaust and manage to combine realism and popular appeal, it should have been Spielberg. Spielberg, who also put his own money into its production, is a filmmaker at the top of his form, dealing with a topic near to his heart. Rather than telling a story with universal meaning, however, Spielberg has instead made what can only be called a "Jewish" film; that is, a film by Jews, about Jews, and for Jews to use against non-Jews.

Technique and Artistry

"Schindler's List" claims to portray the story of German businessman Oskar Schindler (played by Liam Neeson). Schindler is less interested in why the war is being fought and who is winning than he is in the enormous profits to be made. To increase profits even further, he hires only Jews from the nearby Krakow ghetto, the cheapest labor available. Because of his lack of aptitude for the nuts-and-bolts of running a business, Schindler relies on a Jewish accountant, Itzhak Stern (played by Ben Kingsley, who also played the title role in HBO's "Murderers Among Us: The Simon Wiesenthal Story"). As time goes by, Schindler becomes protective of "his" Jews, so much so that when the order is given for the Jews to be deported to camps (which will mean the removal of his, he spends virtually every penny of his by-then tremendous fortune to save "his" Jews from being sent to Auschwitz and elsewhere, even going to the extent of relocating his factory and bribing officials to retain possession of his Jews. In the end, Schindler has little left but his car and the clothes on his back. (He even gives his clothes to one of his workers before driving off to escape the advancing Red army.)

Spielberg peoples his story with Nazis who drink to excess, whore and womanize at every opportunity, offer and accept bribes as a natural part of life during wartime, follow orders without question, and cut every corner that will make their lives easier. The really bad Nazis — that is, those who give the orders rather than merely carry them out — are just as likely to kill a Jew as look at him. While it is normal for filmmakers to caricature individuals, and to portray peripheral groups in a monochromatic way, Spielberg presents all Nazis in a more perfunctory fashion than a biker gang in a B movie. Virtually the only time German is spoken in the film is when someone is barking orders. Schindler's character speaks only English (with a British accent).

A small break in this monotonous racial landscape comes during the clearing of the ghetto, when a German soldier sits at an abandoned piano, playing Mozart beautifully as his comrades seek out and slaughter Jews who hide to avoid relocation. The

message is the same, though: no matter how cultured they may appear, non-Jews cannot be trusted.

The completely amoral mold in which Spielberg forms his Nazis gives rise to a scene in which Schindler, taking pity on the Jewish maid of Plaszow camp commandant Amon Goeth (the film's Evil Nazi), tells her that, in spite of her fears, she will not be killed because Goeth gets pleasure from her presence; the others are killed because they neither please nor displease him.

Spielberg's treatment of Nazis (and, by extension, Germans) is only marginally less masterful than his portrayal of other groups, notably the Jews. While Spielberg goes to great lengths to expose the audience to Jews — including flashing close-ups of Jewish faces on screen while calling out Jewish names — there are few clues as to what motivates anyone to do anything. Stern has a few anxious moments now and again, but usually he simply works at whatever task is at hand. In many ways the best-understood of Spielberg's characters is Goeth's Jewish housekeeper, Helen Hirsch. Even here, we come to know her predominantly through her fright, which seems to be her only emotion.

So flat are Spielberg's characterizations that

In a scene form "Schindler's List," Plaszow camp commandant Amon Goeth (left, played by Ralph Fiennes) converses over glasses of brandy with businessman Oskar Schindler (played by Liam Neeson).

even his protagonist, who it might be argued we are supposed to understand better than most others in the film, is never clearly delineated. As the film begins, Schindler gives every appearance of being an ardent Nazi who is never without his swastika party lapel pin, albeit one whose only motivation is to make suitcases full of money in the wartime economy. As the film progresses, his character undergoes a change of some kind for reasons that are never adequately explained, so that while his outward appearance and mannerisms remain much the same, he gradually comes first to view his Jews as more than interchangeable ciphers, and eventually as equals. Toward the end of the film Schindler goes so far as to admonish a rabbi for not beginning preparations for the Sabbath on a Friday evening, something his Jews have not been allowed to do since they left the ghetto.

At the end, Schindler's character is spending money to save Jews with a fanaticism at which we can only wonder. One is left thinking that this new behavior was part of Schindler's basic character, and would have taken place without any external influences. The Jews themselves do little or nothing to effect the change, just as they do next to nothing to save themselves. Thus, although the theme of the film is "Jews must be saved," the plot is "this Catholic (Schindler) saved some Jews from the Holocaust." The subtext, then, is that the Jews themselves were helpless. In comparison, George Bailey in "It's a Wonderful Life" is a piker next to Oskar Schindler; Bailey learns nothing more than to appreciate and celebrate his own life, while Schindler gets to appreciate and celebrate *Jewish* life. To gild the lily, in the end Schindler torments himself by recalling how much more he could have done to save Jews.

What caused the Schindler character to change so extensively and so quickly? In the absence of other information from Spielberg, one is left to contemplate the possibility that Schindler has gone mad, risking everything (including his life) to save people he barely seems to acknowledge for much of the film.

Spielberg's portrayals of German atrocities against Jews are as unvarying as his characterizations. For Spielberg, Germans are people who shoot Jews. Nazi soldiers line up Jews seven deep so that one rifle bullet will kill them all at once (when the bullet kills "only" the first five, two more pistol bullets are used to dispatch the last in line), then when clearing the ghetto, Nazi soldiers spray bullets around as if they cost nothing. Goeth shoots Jews with his scoped rifle if they move too slowly around his Plaszow camp, or at close range with a pistol to the head. At some level, Spielberg must have realized that all this shooting was too much to be believed, so for "comic relief" he includes a scene in which a Jew is hauled out of a building to be shot. His executioner, Goeth, who seems perfectly capable with weapons in other scenes in the film, cannot get his pistol to fire and seems befuddled as to how it operates. While his two assistants gawk at the pistol as if they had never handled a real one before, Goeth switches to his backup pistol, which also misfires. This brief interlude thus serves as the film's miracle, as well.

Nearly half of the movie was filmed with handheld cameras, to heighten the sense that "Schindler's List" is *cinema verité*. Likewise, virtually the entire film is in black and white, which lends it a "documentary" quality. It is also an effective device

for presenting the story; the film starts in color, then, as the lot of the Jews deteriorates, the colors disappear, not to reappear until the end of the movie when we see that Jews have survived their ordeal.

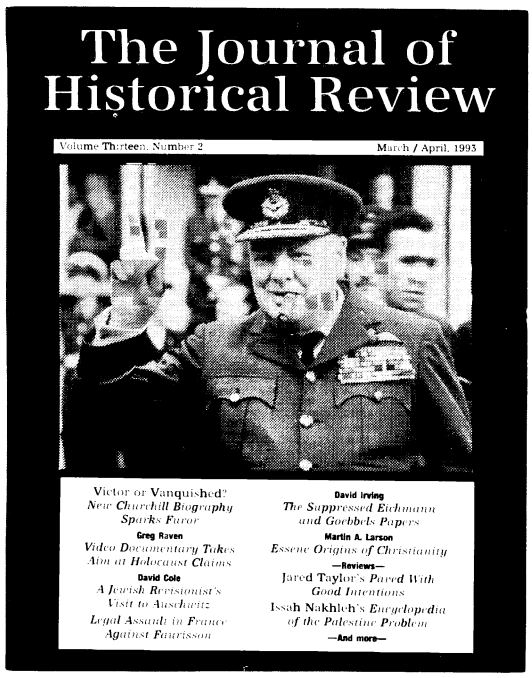
It might be said that for a high-budget director such as Spielberg to use black and white was a gutsy move, except for the fact that once seemingly committed to the black-and-white screen, Spielberg loses his nerve, apparently losing his faith in the audience, and part-way through the film resorts to colorizing the overcoat of a young girl as the camera follows her lonely journey through the Krakow ghetto during its evacuation. Later, we see the same colorized coat on the girl's small corpse, being carried away. For Spielberg to utilize such a trick in attempting to steer the audience's emotions betrays both an insecurity about his subject, and a cynicism about how audiences will react to it.

Spielberg also shows his lack of faith in the audience by including gratuitous nudity. Lots of it. There are enough bare, young female breasts decorating German boudoirs to satisfy most modern moviegoers. Spielberg leaves nothing to chance, however, and in what otherwise could have been one of the films most gripping scenes, has the camera linger voyeuristically on Helen Hirsch, as she pulls off her blouse in the undressing room before entering the shower at Birkenau. In addition, there is a large "selection" scene at the Plaszow concentration camp at which dozens of men and women run around naked. In spite of the film's R rating, Spielberg is pushing to have high school students view it.

Portraying History

Hollywood is not known for its accurate depictions of historical events. "Schindler's List" is no exception. Only someone with a twisted worldview or some sort of mental disability would expect a Hollywood production to be faithful to events as they occurred. Thus, we do not expect Spielberg to deal with questions such as whether or not Schindler was working as a Zionist agent. (Mark Weber will deal with this in a forthcoming issue.) Likewise, we do not expect Spielberg to introduce any ambiguities into his examination of Schindler's character by dwelling on his postwar behavior, including the shabby way he treated his wife. Avoiding issues such as these make it easier to tell the story, but they do nothing to enhance the film's historical accuracy.

"Schindler's List" the movie is based on Thomas Keneally's book of the same name, which is clearly presented as a work of fiction, and indexed by the Library of Congress as such. From this novel, writer Steven Zaillian created the screenplay from which Spielberg shot the movie — which we are now told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is virtually a documentary of what actually happened. To its credit, Universal Pictures goes no farther than advertising the film as "based on a true story."

This is correct, up to a point. There really was an Oskar Schindler who was married to a woman named Emilie. There was also an Amon Goeth, a factory by the name of *Deutsche Emailwaren Fabrik*, and a camp by the name of Plaszow. Most everything else is made up, or altered to fit the needs of the story. One good example is that whereas the film's Schindler is penniless at the end of the war, in reality he had piles of money when he went into hiding.

Regardless of whether "Schindler's List" is fact or fiction, there are a number of scenes that cannot be explained, and indeed, Spielberg makes little effort to do so. During the relocation of the Jews to the Krakow ghetto, for example, Spielberg introduces a bag of gold-inlaid teeth into the area where the luggage and belongings are being sorted. How and why this collection found its way to the heart of the city is a mystery unless we are to believe that one of the Jews had it in his luggage, but that is clearly not what Spielberg intended to imply. Later, at the Plaszow camp, Spielberg shows a pile of burning corpses so large that a conveyor belt is required to add new bodies to the top, the implication being that bodies burn like cord wood, which of course they do not. Also at Plaszow, a team of German doctors, their white coats accessorized with stethoscopes, conduct a "selection" to see who is healthy enough to live and who is to die, only they are so incompetent that they did not know to keep the healthy inmates and "select" the unhealthy. After such scenes, Spielberg demolishes any remaining pretensions he had to technical accuracy by depicting a crematory chimney at Auschwitz spewing smoke and flame, which crematories are specially constructed *not* to do.

Spielberg also blurs the line between fact and fiction by referring to factual matters in a fictional way. For example, he has Stern use the phrase "special treatment" as if it could only mean "death," even though Schindler has previously used the word in a completely benign context. Lice and typhus are also mentioned as if they were minor inconveniences, and not the life-threatening scourge they are.

Spielberg the Revisionist

On the three-hour-long canvas on which Spielberg presents what is being called the latest in a string of "ultimate" answers to the "deniers," the larger story of an overall policy to exterminate Europe's Jews is relegated no more than a few moments toward the end of the film, almost as an afterthought. In "Schindler's List," a Birkenau shower room turns out to be a shower room after all, and not the gas chamber it is rumored to be in an earlier scene in the women's barracks (in the movie, Birkenau is referred to as Auschwitz). Director Spielberg, who can make spaceships, aliens, and dinosaurs seem real and even lifelike, not only fails to show us a credible Nazi gas chamber, he seems to suggest that the wartime rumors of gas chambers were just that — rumors.

Spielberg presents his version of the extermination of Europe's Jews obliquely in the closing minutes of the film through two transparent contrivances. The first is an impassioned but uncharacteristic speech by Schindler to his workers, in which he alludes to the fact that many of their friends and family have been killed. (This scene comes after the scene in which Schindler seems unaware of the ominous "secret" meaning of the term, "special treatment.") The second is a question by Stern, put to the lone Soviet soldier who "liberates" the factory in Czechoslovakia where Schindler's Jews have been working: out of nowhere, Stern asks the Soviet officer if there are any Jews left in Poland. There is no explanation as to why he would ask such a question, but the implication is that the only way a Polish Jew could have survived was if he had been one of Schindler's Jews. More to the point, the audience is expected not to question why Spielberg had to employ these awkward expositions to deal with a subject that is claimed to be the most documented event in history.

At the same time, Spielberg avoids repeating other common Holocaust claims: Germans do not use babies for target practice or throw them out of windows for fun, people are not forced to stand for hours naked in freezing weather, people are not tortured, there are no medical experiments, and no one throws himself on the electrified fencing to commit suicide.

"Schindler's List" also contains several surprising scenes: Jews are shown before the war as being prosperous, so much so that Schindler, a man who prides himself on being accustomed to the better things in life, is impressed at the finery he inherits by taking over the apartment of a Jewish family after they are relocated to the ghetto; in the Plaszow camp, men and women routinely commingle, and the inmates conduct a Jewish wedding one night after work; Jews are shown cooperating at virtually every level in the process of oppressing their own people; young Jewish men engage in black-market activities (in a Catholic church!); and in the ghetto and the camp, Jews unaccountably have hundreds of previously prepared hiding places when soldiers come to round them up.

Best "Holocaust" film ever?

It is clear that "Schindler's List" has won its acclaim not because of its artistry but because of its politically-correct content and message. Spielberg has used the publicity surrounding it to set himself up as a kind of guardian of the Holocaust story.

Events have shown, however, that the more light is thrown on the Holocaust story, the more people will ask questions about it — questions that neither Spielberg nor this film can answer.

"Swindler's List"

Doug Collins

A Prophecy

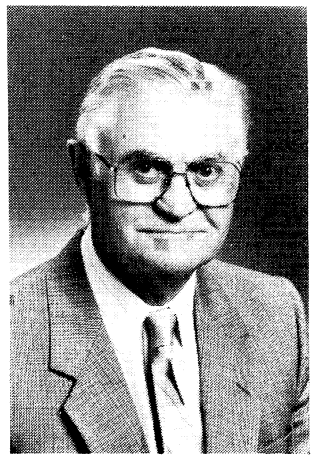
Prophecy is risky. But today [March 9] I prophesy that the Steven Spielberg movie "Schindler's List" will run away with the Academy Awards. I make that forecast without having seen it and without having any intention of doing so, since it must be the 555th movie or TV program on the "holocaust."

Fifty years after the war one tires of hate literature in the form of films. British Columbia schoolchildren are being trooped in to see this effort. In the name of piety, of course. But wasn't it Elie Wiesel, a major holocaust propagandist, who said the world should never stop hating the Germans? Such indoctrination goes on even though Germans born after 1925 or so are no more responsible for the Hitler period than are the Eskimos.

Why we are getting such an overdoes of a bad thing? One reason is that it is profitable in more ways than one. Billions of dollars are still being paid out in compensation to Israel and "survivors," of whom there seem to be an endless number — paid out by those same Germans who were not responsible for Hitler. Anyway, "Swindler's List" will hit the Academy bell because Hollywood is Hollywood and what happened to the Jews during the Second World War is not only the longest lasting but also the most effective propaganda exercise ever. It is so effective that the mere mention of Auschwitz makes even babes feel guilty. Dr. Goebbels himself couldn't have done any better. And didn't. From his seat in hell he must be envious.

Hardly a day goes by but that press, radio and television don't mention something about the six million. The figure is nonsense, but media folk go on parroting what everyone "knows." I used to do the same. That's the safe way, too, for as a recent [Dec. 1993] article in *Vanity Fair* magazine put it, if you question the official version you can expect trouble. But that's an understatement. You will be damned as "anti-Semitic," racist and even Nazi. After half a century of this the moguls of the movie world reckoned the time was right to cash in a big way. And Spielberg reckoned it was time for him to cash in, too.

"Movie of the year! Spielberg takes on the Holocaust!" screamed the cover-page in *Newsweek* magazine [Dec. 20]. You would have thought the war had just ended and that the film was the biggest event since the Battle of Britain. Critics have fawned on it, especially in the US, where many of them work for Jewish-owned media and know how to adjust their safety belts. Others simply reflect what they have been programmed to reflect. Only one critic has described Spielberg's effort as three hours of propaganda. He was with the Jewish-owned *New York Times*. Good for him. And them. The exception that proves the rule.



Doug Collins

In time of war, propaganda is justified. Fifty years on, it's a bit much. But it comes about because the Jewish influence is the most powerful in Hollywood. One is not supposed to say that, of course. It's the ultimate in political incorrectness. But would it be out of order to say such a thing if the Catholics ran Hollywood and we got a stream of Catholic propaganda? I don't think so.

There have been many holocausts but most of them had hardly warranted a paragraph, let alone movies. Has anyone ever made a film about the two million Armenians killed by the Turks? Or the slaughter of 500,000 Indonesians? How about the uprooting of ten million Germans from their homes in East Prussia and Silesia, the murdering of tens of thousands of them by the Red Army and the raping of their women, young and old? In August 1945, Winston Churchill warned that terrible things were happening. I myself watched masses of desperate refugees steaming into the British Zone of Occupation. (And yes, I know what the Germans did to the Russians.)

The Japanese were also skilled in the killing game. Didn't they murder countless Chinese? And Brits and Aussies remember how prisoners were worked and starved to death. And beheaded. But there has been only one movie on the miseries of life and death in South East Asia — "Bridge on the

Doug Collins, a native of the United Kingdom, served with the British army during the Second World War, and then with the British control commission in postwar occupied Germany. An award-winning journalist, he has worked for several Canadian daily newspapers. His career has also included work in television and radio. He is the author of several books. Collins' presentation at the Tenth IHR Conference was published in the Fall 1991 *Journal*. The two essays published here are reprinted with permission from his columns in the *North Shore News* (North Vancouver, British Columbia) of March 9 and March 23.

River Kwai." Certainly, there has been no constant propaganda barrage. So now it's all licky-licky for the Japanese. But not for the Germans.

Am I suggesting that Hitler wasn't Hitler or that hundreds of thousands of Jews didn't die in the camps and elsewhere, as did many non-Jews? No. But propaganda is selective and Hollywood propaganda is the most selective of all. So I won't be watching the Academy Awards. Let me know if my little prediction is wrong.

"Crossing the Bounds"

Regular readers may remember that I did a column recently on the movie "Schindler's List," in which I hewed to the view that I was tired of holocaust propaganda. I called it Swindler's List, since even the wife of the dead hero has said that he was a scoundrel. But right away, the Canadian Jewish Congress was on its feet calling for blood. My blood. In Toronto, the CJC's Bernie Farber said I had "clearly crossed the bounds of decency." Well, I'm damned. Nearer home, Michael Elterman of the Pacific Region of the CJC said the Congress was "pondering legal action."

Once mustn't criticize their favorite movie, you see. Still less must you question the six million story. Not that mine was a movie criticism per se. As I pointed out, I had no intention of seeing it. What I was criticizing was Hollywood's ever-flowing stream, this being about the 555th film on the same topic.

So I fear I am now listed as an anti-Semite, a description designed to put the evil eye on critics and shut them up. I am in distinguished company. President George Bush was an anti-Semite when he failed to deliver a $10 billion loan to Israel quickly enough. (Israeli cabinet minister calls Bush liar, anti-Semite — news story of Sept. 16, 1991.)

Presidential candidate Pat Buchanan came in for it, too, when he referred to the American capital as "Israeli-occupied territory." And he is another "holocaust denier." Columnist Joseph Sobran is also a villain. His stuff goes to 70 US newspapers, and he has dared to say that there is NO particular "holocaust." This had been a century of holocausts. "We are kidding ourselves," he wrote, "if we talk as it there was anything unique about what the Nazis did." And Sobran has a definition of anti-Semitism that is different from Elterman's. He says an anti-Semite used to be someone who hated Jews. Now it is anyone who is hated BY Jews.

Let me stress that there are plenty of Jews who might be considered to be "anti-Semites" in that they don't wholly hew to the party line. How about Rabbi Eli Hecht, who reviewed the film for the *Los Angeles Times*? His article [Jan. 2] was headed, "When will Jews let it rest?"

Michael N. Dobkowski is a professor of religious studies and has had this to say [quoted in the Jan.-Feb. 1993 *Journal*, p. 11], long before the film was made:

> Too many books are written on the Holocaust. There are too many films and television plays that exploit the subject . . . There may be, in fact, be "no business like Shoah [holocaust] business." . . . The popularization and commercialization of the Holocaust is not only unhistorical but anti-historical.

Frank Rich, movie critic for the *New York Times*, and a Jew, accepts the six million story but wasn't too keen on the Spielberg movie. He mentioned [*New York Times*, Jan 2] the "pseudo-documentary camera work" and said that "'Schindler's List' is the (Jewish) culture's new Messiah: the antidote to the terrifying 1993 Roper Organization poll in which 22 percent of the American public expressed doubt that the Nazi extermination of the Jews actually happened." In this case "antidote" is another word for propaganda.

The propaganda is relentless, and includes the "Holocaust Museum" in Washington. And what did other Jews have to say about that? Writing in *The Washington Post* [April 18, 1993] when the Museum was opened, Melvin J. Bukiet stated:

> It's not Jewish tragedy that's remembered on the Mall this week; it's Jewish power to which homage is paid.

Quite. For the Jews who died in the camps and were persecuted in Europe were not Americans. They were foreigners. By that measure, there should be about ten "Holocaust museums" in the American capital.

In today's press, the power referred to by Bukiet is reflected in the silence of the media lambs and the lambs of academe. You have to look to relatively small publications for much of the countervailing material. Consider the comment by associate professor Daniel Vining in the highbrow US magazine *Chronicles* [Sept. 1993] on the situation in the universities:

> Six million is a number like any other number; you would expect to find an exhaustive analysis of it in the statistical and demographical literatures, but you don't. The reason is that it is a taboo subject . . . If you try to find out about the number, your colleagues will shun you. Worse, you might lose your job.

I wish the CJC good luck with its pondering. As you can see, I do a lot of pondering, too. But no pandering.

Incidentally, didn't I predict that "Schindler's List" would sweep the Academy Awards? And didn't I tell you why? Take a bow, Doug.

"There is always hope when people are forced to listen to both sides." — John Stuart Mill

Spielberg's Nazis

JOSEPH SOBRAN

"Cartoon Nazis"

Richard Cohen of *The Washington Post* writes that he is "written-out on the Holocaust. I can think of nothing new to say, no fresh angle.". . . Unlike Señor Cohen, Spielberg has found something fresh to say about the Holocaust. But then Spielberg is a genius, who even finds fresh ways of imagining dinosaurs. Why should we have assumed that his imagination was confined to children's stories?

The new film's hero, Oskar Schindler, was, in real life, a Christian, albeit a lapsed Catholic. Spielberg has come under attack by some Jewish groups for making a Holocaust movie with a Christian hero. He himself is an Orthodox Jew. But his artistic instinct told him that the most moving of virtues is charity, just as the most dramatic is courage: Schindler's rescue of his Jewish workers combined both virtues.

The film may serve as something of an antidote to the short film shown at the Holocaust Museum that recently opened in Washington, which blames anti-Semitism and ultimately the Holocaust itself on Christianity. The theme that Christianity is the cause of the Holocaust has been adopted by some Jews; essays making this argument can be found in back issues of *Commentary* magazine, for example.

The thesis that Christianity is the cause of the Holocaust would have more immediate plausibility of Hitler and his circle had been believing or observant Christians, instead of stunted Wagnerians. They subscribed, rather spectacularly, to the cults of race and state. But why were they able to enlist the support of so many people who didn't fully share their eccentric enthusiasms?

No doubt there were many factors, including the widespread belief in eugenics and "racial science." But one factor that mustn't be overlooked was Communism — or, as it was widely called, "Jewish Bolshevism" (or "Judeo-Bolshevism"). Europe had a good idea of what was going on under the Communists, a recent study, *Lethal Politics* by R.J. Rummel, puts the number of dead in the Soviet Union at about 17 million by 1935 — a record Hitler was never to approach. (Rummel conservatively estimates the total from 1917 to 1987 at 61,911,000.)

Though most Jews had nothing to do with this, Jews were highly visible as both leaders and supporters of Communist movements everywhere. Red revolutions erupted, with varying success, in Germany, Hungary, and Romania. Europe was terrified, and many blamed "the Jews" *tout court*.

So when the German state began rounding Jews up, without, of course, announcing their destiny, ordinary Germans accepted the mass incarceration of people they saw as enemies, real or potential, in the same way ordinary Americans, a few years later, accepted the mass incarceration of Japanese-Americans they saw as potential traitors.

Morally, the murder of 17 million Christians doesn't justify the arrest, let along the murder, of a single innocent Jew. But the point is not to justify, but to explain, just as a detective looks for the motive in a murder without wishing to excuse the murderer. The discovery that the murdered woman was a nag or an adulteress may make everything fall into place, implicating her husband, but hardly vindicates him.

Joseph Sobran

In the Holocaust, we know who the murderers and their accessories were. But what was their motive? Were they, *in their own minds*, avenging the crucifixion, or responding to something more contemporary? It seems overwhelmingly obvious that the latter was the case.

On the one hand, we are told that the Holocaust was a central event in history; on the other hand, it is so often taken out of history and present abstractly, even sentimentally. We are given to understand that very bad people did very bad things, for no particular reason, and that they enjoyed popular support when they did them! So one of the colossal crimes of history is made to sound like the most *unmotivated* act of all time. Spielberg's earlier movies were accused of showing "cartoon Nazis." Well, what other kind of Nazis do we ever see? Even the most sophisticated films tend to represent Nazism as puppy-kicking raised to the nth power — a sin of sheer cruelty that could never have tempted ordinarily decent people. The scary thing is that it did. So did Communism. Even monsters need lots of little helpers.

A Somber Escape Flick

I regret to say that I found Steven Spielberg's acclaimed "Schindler's List," the story of the Nazi industrialist who saved the lives of a thousand Jews who worked for him, disappointing. First, the obtrusive obscenity. Not much, but enough to stain the movie. Second, the Nazis are just standard movie Nazis. The chief Nazi officer, Amon Goeth (brilliantly played by Ralph Fiennes), is given a few

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Joseph Sobran is a lecturer, nationally-syndicated columnist and former *National Review* senior editor and critic-at-large. This commentary is taken from columns that originally appeared in the Dec. 23, Feb. 3, and April 7 issues of *The Wanderer*, a traditionalist Roman Catholic weekly.

kinky quirks, and even the hint of a soft side, but this only underlines the sense that the movie's view is just as polemical as Hollywood movies produced during World War II. The moral seems to be that Nazis were cruel men with cruel dogs, and that part of the reason they were cruel (the men, that is) is that they couldn't get in touch with their feelings.

A really original movie might have shown how ordinary people could be drawn into a fanatical movement and induced to cooperate in horrible, systematic atrocities. It might have shown Nazis when they weren't just being Nazis.

Spielberg has tried to move outside the adventure movie, the genre in which he has no rival. But the result is just another kind of adventure movie. To be sure, there are many wonderful touches; the action scenes banish any suspicion the Spielberg's real genius has deserted him. All the same, it's a somber escape flick, a Holocaust epic for the silver screen. In the end it's simply inert. It says nothing in three hours that couldn't be said in two, and the last hour is punishing to sit through.

But having said all that, I want to stress something else. The film is pro-Christian. Schindler is twice, and pointedly, shown in church. He isn't made out to be a devout Catholic, but we are left in no doubt that his religion is ultimately part of what makes him behave heroically in the crisis of his life. Even more stunningly, at the end of the war we see him leading his Jewish workers in prayer, and he crosses himself. As he makes the Sign of the Cross, his hand passes over his Nazi Party button, which he then removes. The good cross triumphs over the bad one.

In this respect "Schindler's List" is almost the opposite of "Shadowlands," the story of C.S. Lewis' marriage to Joy Davidman. Though Lewis was probably the greatest Christian apologist of his generation, the movie, directed by Richard Attenborough, plays down his religion, treating it as a kind of private hobby, and barely mentions that Joy was a Christian too.

Both movies are beautifully filmed. But both are too long, and both seem to push us into feeling emotions for the sake of feeling emotions. Spielberg wants to horrify us, and then to make us feel good together, like earthlings and Martians at the end of some of his children's movies. Attenborough wants us to have a good cry. But though deep feeling is a fine thing, it has to be earned by some serious way of addressing the human estate. Neither film, alas, tells us anything we haven't heard many times before.

"Holocaust Mystique"

"Schindler's List," Oscar winner for Best Picture of 1993, wasn't even Steven Spielberg's best picture of 1993. "Jurassic Park" was. Part of the reason is that the dinosaurs in *Jurassic* were more plausibly motivated than Schindler's Nazis. The dinosaurs were hungry. Anyone can understand that. But what drove the Nazis? Just puppy-kicking cussedness raised to the nth power?

The Holocaust mystique has gotten way out of control. And it's not harmless. John Demjanjuk was nearly executed by the state of Israel for crimes he didn't commit, under legal procedures no civilized country would countenance. Baruch Goldstein, the Israeli doctor who went on a murderous rampage in February, had convinced himself that praying Muslim Arabs were virtual "Nazis," against whom any violence was justified. And he is by no means the only one who thinks that way.

When you reflect on it, all this Holocaust-harping — as if it could happen again at any time — implicitly insults Jews as well as Christians. It suggests that it's natural for Christians to hate Jews, and that Jews have value only for other Jews.

A film shown at the National Holocaust Museum in Washington blames Christianity for anti-Semitism. Thomas Keneally, author of the novel *Schindler's List*, has written in *The New York Post* that anti-Semitism is due to the belief that the Jews still bear the guilt of killing Christ.

But Hitler, not the most pious of men, didn't much care who had killed Christ. The Nazi war on Jewry had more immediate reasons and causes. Europe was in terror of Communism, which was often referred to as "Jewish Bolshevism." In Russia millions of Christians, including tens of thousands of priests, had been killed, while anti-Semitism had been declared a crime. Jewish-led Communist movements had erupted in Hungary, Romania, and Germany itself.

The prominence of Jews in not only Communism but various other fields, from finance to the fine arts, became the excuse for a war without distinction. Not only their vices but their virtues were held against them. Abolished in the category of innocence, Nazism became the mirror-image of Communism, rounding up whole classes of people for the crime of involuntary membership. Children were punished not for their parents' crimes, but for their parents' genes.

To explain the specific nature of Nazism is in no way to excuse it. There is no possible excuse for stripping innocent people of their rights, their dignity, their lives. But it is to resist the spreading smear of Christendom (which, to its credit, "Schindler's List" avoids).

There is a larger point that seems to be forgotten. The Jews who were murdered were not just a loss to the Jews. Europe was also robbed of them. Thinks of it this way. A similar roundup of American Jews at that time would have deprived us of Jonas Salk, George Gershwin, Richard Rodgers, Aaron Copland, Milton Friedman, Jack Benny, and countless others, including, ultimately Steven Spielberg. We would never have fully known what we had lost, since the names of Salk and Spielberg didn't yet

mean anything to the public.

This is not sentimentalism; it's a hard calculation. And it doesn't even take into account innumerable personal friendships and affections between Jews and Christians. It doesn't take into account the many doctors, scientists, and inventors who enrich and prolong our lives even though we never stop to ask who they are.

If you want a haunting thought, imagine Mozart being drafted and dying at Verdun. The equivalent may have happened. Modern states and their wars have wiped out tens of millions of people, including many who might have endowed all our lives with beauty and eloquence. The Shakespeare of the 20th century may have been killed at Buchenwald, or Dresden, or Kolyma, or Tokyo. We will never know.

No matter how just the cause may seem, war destroys more precious things than we can ever measure, aborting possibilities that only God can see. The trouble with "Schindler's List" is that it never gets inside the real horror of the 20th century. It reduces tragedy to melodrama. Its black-and-white vision is exquisite, but it remains black and white.

Correction:

In the March–April 1994 issue, page six, column one, the last word of the photo caption should be "state" rather than "City," so that it concludes ". . . where he worked as a physician in New York state."

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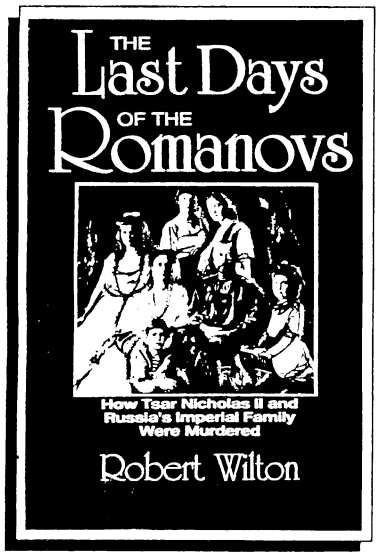

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"60 Minutes" Takes Aim at Holocaust Revisionism

Zündel, Smith, Weber, Cole Appear on Popular Public Affairs Television Show

"60 Minutes," America's single most widely viewed television program and by far the most influential public affairs program, devoted the lead segment of its March 20 broadcast to Holocaust revisionism.[1] In spite of its clearly hostile bias and deceitful omissions and distortions, this popular, primetime CBS News broadcast was a major media advance for historical revisionism.

Entitled "Who Says It Never Happened?," the rather unfocused segment was narrated by Mike Wallace, one of America's most recognized and experienced journalists. It began with Wallace asserting that revisionists claim "that the Holocaust never happened." In fact, revisionist scholars have gone to considerable length to carefully explain that they do not "deny" the Holocaust, or say that it "never happened."

German-Canadian publisher Ernst Zündel was the only revisionist who was interviewed specifically for this broadcast (although several others were shown on screen from file footage). However, from an interview with him that lasted about an hour and a half, only about four minutes were shown. Many telling points made by Zündel to Wallace were not aired.

Mark Weber, editor of this *Journal*, and David Cole, the youthful, Jewish-born revisionist filmmaker, were shown from clips of their April 1992 appearance on the nationally-syndicated "Montel Williams Show."[2] Weber was shown explaining that every Jew who died during the Second World War, "of whatever cause, is [misleadingly] considered, quote, 'a victim of the Holocaust.' That is, [even] Jews who died in Allied bombing attacks . . ."

Weber was identified, inaccurately, as "a white supremacist who now heads up something called the Institute for Historical Review." (A letter to "60 Minutes" from the IHR correcting this error was never broadcast, or even acknowledged.) *The Journal of Historical Review* was introduced to millions of viewers as the front cover of the Nov.-Dec. 1993 issue was shown on screen.

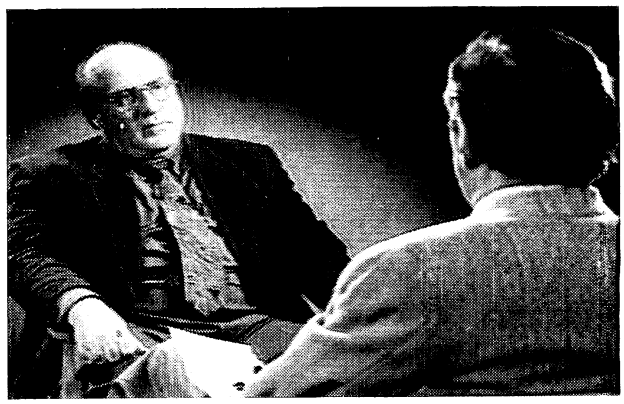
Cole said that "the building at Auschwitz that you go to that is said to be the gas chamber was, in fact, the morgue." He went on to explain that, on the basis of his own investigation, he now believes that "the evidence saying that there were no gas chambers is a lot stronger than any of the evidence that can be presented saying there were." A brief clip showing Cole and Zündel together at Auschwitz was shown.

Bradley Smith, chairman of the "Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust" (CODOH) and director of the IHR's Media Project, was shown in his California home as he explained, "My job is to bring about open debate on the only historical event of the West that's taboo."

Fearful that this "60 Minutes" broadcast would turn out to be little more than a hostile "hatchet job," Smith and Cole finally decided — after considerable negotiation and in spite of personal assurances from Wallace of fair treatment — not be interviewed for this show. As it turned out, their concerns were well justified.

Introducing the segment, Wallace told viewers that "no serious historians give them [revisionists] credence." To help sustain this lie, "60 Minutes" took care not to invite French professor Robert Faurisson, British historian David Irving, or any other revisionist scholar to be interviewed for the segment, even though associate producers had earlier conducted preliminary interviews with both Irving and Weber.

Although Zündel was portrayed as the most representative spokesman for the "deniers," viewers were not told that revisionist scholars such as Fau-



Ernst Zündel with host Mike Wallace during their appearance on "60 Minutes," March 20.

risson and Irving do not share all of the German-Canadian publicist's views on the Holocaust issue. For example, Zündel estimated that "the number of Jews who died under the Nazis" is "at the lower 300,000 range." Faurisson and Irving have given considerably higher estimates.

Dispute About Himmler

A seemingly effective strike against the revisionist case was scored in citing an October 4, 1943, speech by SS chief Heinrich Himmler, who was quoted as saying: "The Jewish race is being exterminated. . . . We have the duty towards our people to destroy those people that wanted to destroy us. . ." Understandably, this passage has been widely cited as particularly damning evidence of a German wartime policy to kill Europe's Jews.

Zündel suggested to Wallace that this speech, or at least this portion of it, is forged — a skepticism shared by Arthur Butz and Wilhelm Stäglich. (Other revisionists, including Faurisson and Irving, tend to accept it as genuine.) "60 Minutes" then presented, from the National Archives in Washington, DC, a recording of the original speech, along with Himmler's notes for it. Genuine or not, revisionist scholars are in agreement that brief passage quoted on "60 Minutes" is misleadingly translated and taken out of context.[3] The word used here that is rendered as "exterminate" ("ausrotten") more accurately means "root out," eradicate, "wipe out," or "eliminate."

In spite of the harshness of his language, what Himmler was referring to here was not a program of extermination, but rather a policy of brutal suppression, particularly in Poland and the occupied Soviet territories. He made this clear, for example, in a similar speech he gave a few weeks later. Speaking frankly on December 16, 1943 to a meeting of German officers in Weimar, Himmler explained the context of his ruthless policy towards the Jews.[4] Other comments made by Himmler throughout this period likewise show that he was not carrying out a policy of extermination.

Campus Furor

Much of the "60 Minutes" segment dealt with the furor on campuses across the country set off by Smith's campaign to place advertisements in student papers calling for open debate on the Holocaust issue. Smith's CODOH ad has appeared, in one form or another, in 31 student newspapers across the country, Wallace reported. "60 Minutes" focused on the uproar provoked by the ad at Queen's College in New York.

After Holocaust revisionism was sensationally described as "a kind of glue that holds the radical right together," Deborah Lipstadt, an Emory University professor and author of the anti-revisionist polemic *Denying the Holocaust*, was shown saying that student papers must not accept Smith's ads.[5] Along with her ideological comrades in the Anti-Defamation League, the Simon Wiesenthal Center and other Zionist pressure groups, Liptstadt contemptuously insists that while she is intelligent and perceptive enough to detect the supposedly dangerous errors in Smith's ad, university students and professors are not.

Fraudulent "Evidence"

As Wallace took care to specify, revisionists challenge claims of mass killings of Jews in wartime gas chambers. To counter revisionist arguments, and "prove" that Jews were indeed gassed as alleged, viewers were shown a film clip of the infamous "gas chamber" (labeled "Brausebad" or shower) at the Dachau concentration camp. This same film footage was shown at the 1945-46 Nuremberg Trial, where it was cited to prove German "gassings" of prisoners. What "60 Minutes" declined to explain to its millions of viewers is that, as every serious and reputable historian of the subject now acknowledges, no one was ever "gassed" at Dachau, and the room shown here was never used to kill anyone.

Mark Weber stresses a point. This segment, shown on "60 Minutes," was re-broadcast from his April 1992 appearance on the "Montel Williams" show.

As further "proof" for the Holocaust extermination story, viewers were shown familiar film taken by Allied photographers at just-liberated German camps, especially Bergen-Belsen. "60 Minutes" viewers were not told that it is now well established that the dead and dying inmates shown in these horrific film clips were victims not of "gassing," but of disease and malnutrition that were direct consequences of the war. If the German policy had been to kill these people, none of them would have survived to be liberated by Allied troops.

Michael Berenbaum, research director of the US Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, DC, was shown citing "the systematic bills of lading for Zyklon B [and] the instructions for the use of

Zyklon B in gassing" as evidence that "the Germans" used this widely available commercial pesticide to kill millions of Jews. What neither Berenbaum nor "60 Minutes" bothered to tell viewers is that precisely such evidence clearly establishes the widespread use of Zyklon for *non*-homicidal disinfestation and delousing purposes.

In fact, not a single wartime document exists to show that Zyklon was used to kill human beings. (And according to prominent anti-revisionist Holocaust researcher Jean-Claude Pressac, 95 percent of the Zyklon supplied to Auschwitz was in delousing and disinfestation — that is, for purposes of *saving* human lives.)

Persecution Not Mentioned

For some years now, Holocaust revisionists have been victims of an often vicious campaign of persecution that includes legal suppression, terror and physical violence. That no mention whatsoever of this sustained campaign was made by "60 Minutes" underscores the deliberately slanted nature of this CBS News production.[6]

On January 22, 1992, for example, thugs of the Jewish Defense League assaulted David Cole during a meeting at the University of California at Los Angeles, hitting him in the face and bloodying his nose. JDL leader Irv Rubin also tried to push Cole down a flight of stairs. Even though a CBS News crew (along with camera crews of two Los Angeles television stations) recorded the tumult on video, not a minute of it has ever been broadcast.[7]

An American GI opens the door of the bogus "gas chamber" at the Dachau concentration camp. This portion of a 1945 US propaganda film was shown to millions of "60 Minutes" and "Donahue" viewers as "proof" that the Germans killed Jews in gas chambers.

Defamation

Referring to Holocaust killings of Jews, Berenbaum said to Wallace: "In a very real way, the Germans were proud of what they were doing . . . because they thought they were doing the world a favor in getting rid of the Jews. . ." Of course, similarly defamatory and stereotypical talk about "the Jews," or virtually any other group, simply would not be permitted on "60 Minutes" without clear and immediate condemnation. That such offensive language — by a US government official no less — is permitted to appear without challenge on a prime-time public affairs television program points up the extent to which Americans have been conditioned to accept such talk as entirely normal.

Important Milestone

In spite of its predictable bias, this "60 Minutes" broadcast represents another important milestone for Holocaust revisionism. Because of it, millions of American learned, many of them for the first time, of the existence of a dedicated, articulate and rather broad-based movement that rejects the Six Million extermination story.

Notes

1. For a transcript of this "60 Minutes" broadcast, call 1-800-777 TEXT. For a videocassette, call 1-800-848 3256.
2. For more on this, see the Jan.–Feb. 1993 *Journal*, p. 45.
3. "Das jüdische Volk wird ausgerottet. . . . Wir hatten die Pflicht gegenüber unserem Volk, dieses Volk, das uns umbringen wollte, umzubringen."
4. For more on the significance and background of these Himmler speeches, see: Wilhelm Stäglich, *Auschwitz: A Judge Looks at the Evidence* (IHR, 1990), pp. 63-76; Barbara Kulaszka, ed., *Did Six Million Really Die?* (Toronto: 1992), pp. 93, 208, 344, 369, 405; Robert Faurisson, "Response to a Paper Historian," *The Journal of Historical Review*, Spring 1986, pp. 28–29.
5. Lipstadt's *Denying the Holocaust* is reviewed by Ted O'Keefe in the Nov.–Dec. 1993 *Journal*, pp. 28–36.
6. See *The Zionist Terror Network* (IHR, 1993).
7. For more about this attack, see the Feb. 1992 *IHR Newsletter*, p. 5.

It is not the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbles, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs, and comes short again and again; because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; but who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions; who spends himself in a worthy cause, who at the best knows in the end the triumphs of high achievement and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat.

— Theodore Roosevelt

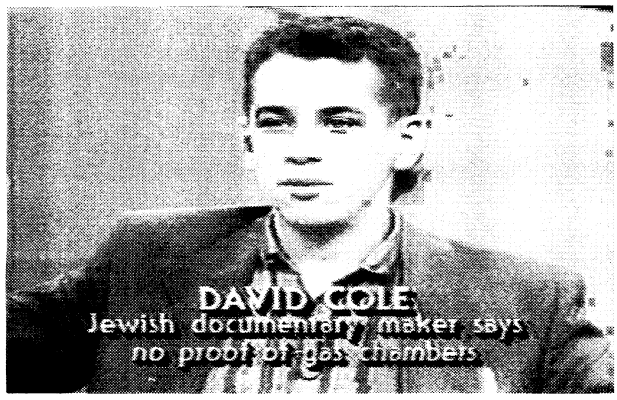
Smith and Cole Appear on "Donahue" Show In Major Media Breakthrough for Revisionism

With an estimated eight to eleven million viewers, "Donahue" is one of America's most popular television talk shows. Thus, the recent appearance of revisionist activists Bradley Smith and David Cole on this show, each of whom made some very effective points, is a major media breakthrough for Holocaust revisionism.

The session was taped on March 14, and broadcast in some places that same day. In many large cities, including Los Angeles, New York and Chicago, it was aired on March 21.

As viewers were shown archival film footage of German wartime concentration camps, headlines from American campus newspapers, and scenes from the movie "Schindler's List," the show was introduced with a pre-recorded report, narrated by Donahue. He announced:

> In just the last six months, 15 college newspapers across the country have run advertisement that call for a, quote, open debate of the Holocaust, unquote. The ad claims that the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington, DC, has no proof whatever of homicidal gassing chambers, and no proof that even one individual was gassed in a German program of genocide. The ads have caused an uproar everywhere, sparking protests from students and boycotts of the papers.
>
> The man who placed all the ads, Bradley Smith, has been called anti-Semitic and a neo-Nazi because of the challenges of the Holocaust. Smith claims he simply wants the truth to be told, that Jews were never placed in gas chambers and that the figure of six million Jewish deaths is an irresponsible exaggeration.



David Cole on the "Donahue" Show

Then came a misrepresentation that is, unfortunately, all too typical of the American media: an on-screen caption identified Smith as a person who

Bradley Smith, David Cole, Michael Shermer and Phil Donahue on the "Donahue" show.

"places ads in college newspapers calling Holocaust a hoax." Even after he protested this characterization — and explained that "nobody says the Holocaust never happened," and that the text of his ad begins by specifically declaring "this ad does not claim 'the Holocaust never happened'" — Donahue neither apologized nor addressed Smith's objection.

Donahue repeatedly tried to involve Smith in a discussion of anti-Semitism, stressing the suffering of Jews during the Second World War. Smith responded by attempting to return to the subject of his campus ad campaign, and then added, with some exasperation: "There's a moral issue here. Are Jews more important in the murder and chaos that went on during World War II than all other human beings in Europe?"

Probably the most striking and substantive portion of the broadcast was David Cole's presentation, with apt commentary, of video film he recorded during visits to the former German camps of Auschwitz-Birkenau, Mauthausen and Majdanek.

As Cole's video tape clearly shows, the door of the alleged execution "gas chamber" at Majdanek — where the Nuremberg Tribunal declared that 1.5 million people had been killed — "latches only from the inside," and "opens *into* the chamber." Cole went on to observe:

> If you're going to pack a thousand people in a room and kill them, you can't have a door that then opens into the room because they will be piled up against the door, where they died. And I am now showing that the latches of this door, they latch inside. You cannot lock somebody into this room.

Donahue's only response to this footage, which will be included in his forthcoming second video production, was a dismissive comment: "Okay. Well,

you're a real Columbo, David."

In an effort to discredit him, Donahue made much of fact that Cole had met Ernst Zündel, who was called a "neo-Nazi." With a remark that provoked one the show's rare moments of humor, Cole responded: "I'm sorry, Phil. This is not about who I've *met* in my life. I just met you. Does that mean I'm Marlo Thomas [Donahue's wife]?"

Dr. Michael Shermer, adjunct professor at Occidental College in Los Angeles and editor-publisher of *Skeptic* magazine, appeared a little later in the broadcast. Although he was characterized as a "Holocaust historian," he actually has no special knowledge or expertise on this subject. His job, as far as Donahue was concerned, was to "vigorously" refute Smith and Cole. He didn't succeed.

As part of his attempt to defend the Holocaust gas chamber story, Shermer referred to "all the evidence that we have. For example, why do we have so many huge orders of Zyklon B?" This comment entirely ignores the fact that the detailed records of orders for Zyklon B show that the widely-available commercial pesticide was delivered to camps where it is universally acknowledged that no homicidal gassings ever took place in quantities just as large as for camps where it is claimed that hundreds of thousands of Jews were gassed.

As "proof" that Jews were "gassed," viewers were shown a film clip of the infamous "gas chamber" at the Dachau concentration camp. (This was the very same footage that was shown to millions of "60 Minutes" viewers.) Cole quickly pointed out that this film footage is fraudulent because, as every serious historian of the subject now acknowledges, no one was ever "gassed" at Dachau. Prodded by Cole, Shermer acknowledged (to Donahue's obvious consternation) that this "gas chamber" was never used to kill anyone. However, Shermer attempted to negate the significance of this fraud by asserting that "it doesn't matter."

"Human Soap"

Another moment of embarrassment came when a "Holocaust survivor" in the audience loudly insisted that the Germans manufactured lamp shades and bars of soap from the bodies of murdered Jews. "It was true!," she exclaimed. Even after Cole and Smith were able to get Shermer to acknowledge that the often-repeated "human soap" tale (supposedly "proven" at the Nuremberg Trial) is not true, rude "survivors" in the audience continued to insist on it. Rebuking Shermer, who clearly didn't know how to handle this awkward situation, two elderly "survivors" shouted: "He wasn't there!" It was at about this point that an obviously embarrassed Donahue decided that this would be an appropriate moment to cut for a commercial break.

"Intellectual Freedom"

To his credit, Donahue affirmed that Holocaust revisionism can no longer ignored, but must be dealt with seriously, and in a spirit of intellectual freedom. "In my opinion," he said, the media can "no longer continue to ignore" Smith and his revisionist campaign. Donahue called for "a stand-up debate with this man," and said to Smith: "I believe there should be intellectual freedom on this issue. That's why you're on the program."

The generally effective appearance of Cole and Smith on "Donahue," along with the treatment of Holocaust revisionism on other widely-viewed television programs, affirms that this intellectual movement has, at last, become an acknowledged feature of America's social-cultural landscape.

— M. W.

Leon Degrelle

Leon Degrelle, combat hero of the Second World War, political leader, author and friend of the Institute for Historical Review, died March 31 in the southern Spanish city of Malaga. He was 87.

Degrelle was born on June 15, 1906, into a prosperous Catholic family in Bouillon, Belgium. As a young man, he was strongly influenced by the ideas of French writer Charles Marraus.

After study of philosophy, literature and law at the University of Louvain, this gifted publicist and charismatic public speaker turned to journalism and politics. In eloquent addresses to large rallies, several books and numerous booklets, and through his newspaper, *Le Pays réel*, he quickly made a mark on his country's political life. At the age of 29, his Catholic "Rex" movement — which demanded radical political reform and the establishment of an authoritative "corporative" state of social justice and national unity — captured 11.5 percent of the vote, and 21 parliamentary seats, in Belgium's 1936 elections.

Although his party's share of the vote fell to 4.4 percent in the 1939 election, Degrelle himself was reelected to the parliament with the largest majority of any deputy.

In the wake of Germany's June 1941 attack against the Soviet Union, Degrelle enthusiastically joined what he regarded as a pan-European crusade to crush Communism. His proposal to raise a volunteer battalion of fellow French-speaking Walloons to ensure a place of honor for Belgium in Hitler's new Europe was quickly accepted by the Germans.

Turning down an invitation to begin as a officer in the newly formed combat unit, he instead chose to start as a private, sharing all the burdens of his comrades. When he left his homeland in August 1941 to begin military service at the age of 35, he had never fired a gun. Nevertheless, he rose through the ranks to become commander of the unit that finally came to be known as the 28th SS Divi-

sion "Wallonia."

As a result of the extraordinary courage and leadership he showed on the Narva front in Estonia, he became the first non-German to be awarded the coveted Oak Leaves to the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross. Hitler personally bestowed the honor on August 27, 1944.

Of the first 800 Walloon volunteers who left for the Eastern Front, only three survived the war, one of them Degrelle, who was wounded seven times during the course of his three and a half years of combat. All told, some 2,500 Walloons fell against the Soviets.

Degrelle's gripping account of duty, death and fierce combat on the eastern Front against numerically superior Soviet forces has won enthusiastic acclaim from readers around the world. The English-language edition, entitled *Campaign in Russia*, was first published by the IHR in 1985. It earned praise from US Army Brigadier General John C. Bahnsen in a review appearing in an official US Army Department magazine: ". . . The pace of the writing is fast; the action is graphic, and a warrior can learn things from reading this book. I recommend its reading by students of the art of war. It is well worth the price."

To escape death at the hands of the victorious Allies at the end of the war, he made a daring 1,500-mile flight in a small plane from Norway across Europe to Spain, crash landing on the beach at San Sebastian. Critically wounded, he somehow survived, and then built a new and successful life in exile in Spain, which granted him refuge.

Over the years, numerous lies have been told about Degrelle. For example, a Jewish Telegraphic Agency (JTA) report on his death that appeared recently in American Jewish community papers, while mentioning nothing of his remarkable wartime combat record, told readers that Degrelle "was responsible for the deportations and deaths of about 35,000 Jews in Belgium between 1941 and 1944." This claim has absolutely no basis in fact.

In spite of the catastrophic military defeat of the cause to which he had been so devoted, until his death Degrelle remained defiantly unrepentant. He made this clear in numerous interviews, essays and in a 300-page autobiography, which appeared (in German) in 1992.

During the final years of his life, Degrelle was working on a multi-volume series of books for the IHR detailing the personality, policies, impact and legacy of Adolf Hitler. *Hitler: Born at Versailles*, the first volume in this projected 13-volume series, was published by the IHR in 1987. In this 535-page book Degrelle traces the origins, course and impact of the First World War. A German edition was published in 1992. A portion of volume two appeared as an essay, "How Hitler Consolidated Power in Germany and Launched a Social Revolution," in the Fall 1992 *Journal of Historical Review*.

Unfortunately, Degrelle had been able to complete only a small part of this massive project by the time of his death. The IHR is now considering how best to put the completed portion into publishable form. —M. W.

SS officer Leon Degrelle addresses a large outdoor audience in Brussels, Belgium, 1944.

The following works by Leon Degrelle are available from the IHR:

Campaign in Russia: The Waffen SS on the Eastern Front. Degrelle's gripping memoir of combat against the Soviet army. Hardcover. 350 pages. Stock # 0625. $17.95 + $2.00 shipping.

Hitler: Born at Versailles. Fascinating in-depth examination of the origins, course and impact of the First World War. Hardcover. 535 pages. Photos. Stock # 0664. $24.95 + $3.00 shipping.

Epic: The Story of the Waffen SS. Attractive easy-to-read 72-page booklet, with 22 pages of photos. Includes text of Degrelle's lecture on the Waffen SS at the IHR's 1982 Conference, with an essay by Theodore J. O'Keefe, "Leon Degrelle and the Crusade for Europe." Softcover. Stock # 395. $6.00 + $1.50 shipping.

Videotape version: **Epic: The Story of the Waffen SS.** IHR conference lecture. Professionally overdubbed English translation. Limited quantity available. Videotape. Picture fair, sound good. Color. Stock # V001. $35.00 + $2.00 shipping.

Audiotape version: **Epic: The Story of the Waffen SS.** IHR Conference lecture. Stock # A034. $9.95 + $1.50 shipping.

Letter to the Pope on Auschwitz. Softcover. 14 pages. $3.50 + $1.50 shipping.

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The Enigma of Hitler

LEON DEGRELLE

In the following essay Leon Degrelle provides a good example of his writing style and historical perspective. He writes about Adolf Hitler — a man he knew personally and to whom he had sworn an unconditional oath of obedience — not as a dispassionate historian, but as a devoted admirer. Himself one of this century's most remarkable personalities, Degrelle makes no secret of his almost reverential esteem for the German leader. As partisan and as unabashedly laudatory as this view of Hitler certainly is, this essay — which is adapted from the introduction to volume two of Degrelle's uncompleted multi-volume series on the life and legacy of Hitler — nonetheless provides a useful antidote to the mean-spirited and no less partisan treatments of Hitler that prevail on American book shelves and television screens. — The Editor

Hitler — you knew him — what was he like?" I have been asked that question a thousand times since 1945, and nothing is more difficult to answer.

Approximately two hundred thousand books have dealt with the Second World War and with its central figure, Adolf Hitler. But has the real Hitler been discovered in any of them? "The enigma of Hitler is beyond all human comprehension," the left-wing German weekly *Die Zeit* once put it.

Salvador Dali, art's unique genius, sought to penetrate the mystery in one of his most intensely dramatic paintings. Towering mountain landscapes all but fill the canvas, leaving only a few luminous meters of seashore dotted with delicately miniaturized human figures: the last witnesses to a dying peace. A huge telephone receiver dripping tears of blood hangs from the branch of a dead tree; and here and there hang umbrellas and bats whose portent is visibly the same. As Dali tells it, "Chamberlain's umbrella appeared in this painting in a sinister light, made evident by the bat, and it struck me when I painted it as a thing of enormous anguish."

He then confided: "I felt this painting to be deeply prophetic. But I confess that I haven't yet figured out the Hitler enigma either. He attracted me only as an object of my mad imaginings and because I saw him as a man uniquely capable of turning things completely upside down."

What a lesson in humility for the braying critics who have rushed into print since 1945 with their thousands of "definitive" books, most of them scornful, about this man who so troubled the introspective Dali that forty years later he still felt anguished and uncertain in the presence of his own hallucinatory painting. Apart from Dali, who else has ever tried to present an objective portrayal of this extraordinary man whom Dali labeled the most explosive figure in human history?

* * *

The mountains of Hitler books based on blind hatred and ignorance do little to describe or explain the most powerful man the world has ever seen. How, I ponder, do these thousands of disparate portraits of Hitler in any way resemble the man I knew? The Hitler seated beside me, standing up, talking, listening. It has become impossible to explain to people fed fantastic tales for decades that what they have read or have heard on television just does not correspond to the truth.

People have come to accept fiction, repeated a thousand times over, as reality. Yet they have never seen Hitler, never spoken to him, never heard a word from his mouth. The very name of Hitler immediately conjures up a grimacing devil, the fount of all one's negative emotions. Like Pavlov's bell, the mention of Hitler is meant to dispense with substance and reality. In time, however, history will demand more than these summary judgments.

* * *

Hitler is always present before my eyes: as a man of peace in 1936, as a man of war in 1944. It is not possible to have been a personal witness to the life of such an extraordinary man without being marked by it forever. Not a day goes by but Hitler rises again in my memory, not as a man long dead, but as a real being who paces his office floor, seats himself in his chair, pokes the burning logs in his fireplace.

The first thing anyone noticed when he came into view was his small mustache. Countless times he had been advised to shave it off, but he always refused: people were used to him the way he was.

He was not tall — no more than was Napoleon

or Alexander the Great.

Hitler had deep blue eyes that many found bewitching, although I did not find them so. Nor did I detect the electric current his hands were said to give off. I gripped them quite a few times and was never struck by his lightning.

His face showed emotion or indifference according to the passion or apathy of the moment. At times he was as though benumbed, saying not a word,

Leon Degrelle with Hitler, 1944.

while his jaws moved in the meanwhile as if they were grinding an obstacle to smithereens in the void. Then he would come suddenly alive and launch into a speech directed at you alone, as though he were addressing a crowd of hundreds of thousands at Berlin's Tempelhof airfield. Then he became as if transfigured. Even his complexion, otherwise rather dull, lit up as he spoke. And at such time, to be sure, Hitler was strangely attractive and as if possessed of magic powers.

* * *

Anything that might have seemed too solemn in his remarks, he quickly tempered with a touch of humor. The picturesque word, the biting phrase were at his command. In a flash he would paint a word-picture that brought a smile, or come up with an unexpected and disarming comparison. He could be harsh and even implacable in his judgments and yet almost at the same time be surprisingly conciliatory, sensitive and warm.

After 1945 Hitler was accused of every cruelty, but it was not in his nature to be cruel. He loved children. It was an entirely natural thing for him to stop his car and share his food with young cyclists along the road. Once he gave his raincoat to a derelict plodding in the rain. At midnight he would interrupt his work and prepare the food for his dog Blondi.

He could not bear to eat meat, because it meant the death of a living creature. He refused to have so much as a rabbit or a trout sacrificed to provide his food. He would allow only eggs on his table, because egg-laying meant that the hen had been spared rather than killed.

Hitler's eating habits were a constant source of amazement to me. How could someone on such a rigorous schedule, who had taken part in tens of thousands of exhausting mass meetings from which he emerged bathed with sweat, often losing two to four pounds in the process; who slept only three to four hours a night; and who, from 1940 to 1945, carried the whole world on his shoulders while ruling over 380 million Europeans: how, I wondered, could he physically survive on just a boiled egg, a few tomatoes, two or three pancakes, and a plate of noodles? But he actually gained weight!

He drank only water. He did not smoke and would not tolerate smoking in his presence. At one or two o'clock in the morning he would still be talking, untroubled, close to his fireplace, lively, often amusing. He never showed any sign of weariness. Dead tired his audience might be, but not Hitler.

He was depicted as a tired old man. Nothing was further from the truth. In September of 1944, when he was reported to be fairly doddering, I spent a week with him. His mental and physical vigor were still exceptional. The attempt made on his life on July 20th had, if anything, recharged him. He took tea in his quarters as tranquilly as if we had been in his small private apartment at the chancellery before the war, or enjoying the view of snow and bright blue sky through his great bay window at Berchtesgaden.

* * *

At the very end of his life, to be sure, his back had become bent, but his mind remained as clear as a flash of lightning. The testament he dictated with extraordinary composure on the eve of his death, at three in the morning of April 29, 1945, provides us a lasting testimony. Napoleon at Fontainebleau was not without his moments of panic before his abdication. Hitler simply shook hands with his associates in silence, breakfasted as on any other day, then went to his death as if he were going for a stroll. When has history ever witnessed so enormous a tragedy brought to its end with such iron self control?

Hitler's most notable characteristic was ever his simplicity. The most complex of problems resolved itself in his mind into a few basic principles. His actions were geared to ideas and decisions that could be understood by anyone. The laborer from Essen, the isolated farmer, the Ruhr industrialist, and the university professor could all easily follow his line of thought. The very clarity of his reasoning made everything obvious.

His behavior and his life style never changed even when he became the ruler of Germany. He dressed and lived frugally. During his early days in Munich, he spent no more than a mark per day for

food. At no stage in his life did he spend anything on himself. Throughout his 13 years in the chancellery he never carried a wallet or ever had money of his own.

* * *

Hitler was self-taught and made no attempt to hide the fact. The smug conceit of intellectuals, their shiny ideas packaged like so many flashlight batteries, irritated him at times. His own knowledge he had acquired through selective and unremitting study, and he knew far more than thousands of diploma-decorated academics.

I don't think anyone ever read as much as he did. He normally read one book every day, always first reading the conclusion and the index in order to gauge the work's interest for him. He had the power to extract the essence of each book and then store it in his computer-like mind. I have heard him talk about complicated scientific books with faultless precision, even at the height of the war.

His intellectual curiosity was limitless. He was readily familiar with the writings of the most diverse authors, and nothing was too complex for his comprehension. He had a deep knowledge and understanding of Buddha, Confucius and Jesus Christ, as well as Luther, Calvin, and Savonarola; of literary giants such as Dante, Schiller, Shakespeare and Goethe; and analytical writers such as Renan and Gobineau, Chamberlain and Sorel.

* * *

He had trained himself in philosophy by studying Aristotle and Plato. Although the latter did not fit into his system, Hitler was nevertheless able to extract what he deemed of value. He could quote entire paragraphs of Schopenhauer from memory, and for a long time carried a pocket edition of Schopenhauer with him. Nietzsche taught him much about willpower.

His thirst for knowledge was unquenchable. He spent hundreds of hours studying the works of Tacitus and Mommsen, military strategists such as Clausewitz, and empire builders such as Bismarck. Nothing escaped him: world history or the history of civilizations, the study of the Bible and the Talmud, Thomistic philosophy and all the masterpieces of Homer, Sophocles, Horace, Ovid, Titus Livius and Cicero. He knew Julian the Apostate as if he had been his contemporary.

His knowledge also extended to mechanics. He knew how engines worked; he understood the ballistics of various weapons; and he astonished the best medical scientists with his knowledge of medicine and biology.

The universality of Hitler's knowledge may surprise or displease those unaware of it, but it is nonetheless a historical fact: Hitler was one of the most cultivated men of this century. Many times more so than Churchill, an intellectual mediocrity; or than Pierre Laval, with his mere cursory knowledge of history; or than Roosevelt; or Eisenhower, who never got beyond detective novels.

* * *

Even during his earliest years, Hitler was different than other children. He had an inner strength and was guided by his spirit and his instincts.

He could draw skilfully when he was only eleven years old. His sketches made at that age show a remarkable firmness and liveliness. His first paintings and watercolors, created at age 15, are full of poetry and sensitivity. One of his most striking early works, "Fortress Utopia," also shows him to have been an artist of rare imagination.

His artistic orientation took many forms. He wrote poetry from the time he was a lad. He dictated a complete play to his sister Paula, who was amazed at his presumption. At the age of 16, in Vienna, he launched into the creation of an opera. He even designed the stage settings, as well as all the costumes; and, of course, the characters were Wagnerian heroes.

More than just an artist, Hitler was above all an

Degrelle in 1992 at his home in Spain

architect. Hundreds of his works are notable as much for the architecture as for the painting. From memory alone he could reproduce in every detail the onion dome of a church or the intricate curves of wrought iron. Indeed, it was to fulfill his dream of becoming an architect that Hitler went to Vienna at the beginning of the century.

When one sees the hundreds of paintings, sketches and drawings he created at the time, which reveal his mastery of three dimensional figures, it is astounding that his examiners at the Fine Arts Academy failed him in two successive examinations. German historian Werner Maser, no friend of Hitler, castigated those examiners: "All of his works revealed extraordinary architectural gifts and knowledge. The builder of the Third Reich gives the former Fine Arts Academy of Vienna cause for shame."

* * *

Impressed by the beauty of the church in a Benedictine monastery where he was part of the choir and served as an altar boy, Hitler dreamt fleetingly of becoming a Benedictine monk. And it was at that time, too, interestingly enough, that whenever he attended mass, he always had to pass beneath the first swastika he had ever seen: it was graven in the stone escutcheon of the abbey portal.

Hitler's father, a customs officer, hoped the boy would follow in his footsteps and become a civil servant. His tutor encouraged him to become a monk. Instead the young Hitler went, or rather he fled, to Vienna. And there, thwarted in his artistic aspirations by the bureaucratic mediocrities of academia, he turned to isolation and meditation. Lost in the great capital of Austria-Hungary, he searched for his destiny.

* * *

During the first 30 years of Hitler's life, the date April 20, 1889, meant nothing to anyone. He was born on that day in Braunau, a small town in the Inn valley. During his exile in Vienna, he often thought of his modest home, and particularly of his mother. When she fell ill, he returned home from Vienna to look after her. For weeks he nursed her, did all the household chores, and supported her as the most loving of sons. When she finally died, on Christmas eve, his pain was immense. Wracked with grief, he buried his mother in the little country cemetery. "I have never seen anyone so prostrate with grief," said his mother's doctor, who happened to be Jewish.

In his room Hitler always displayed an old photograph of his mother. The memory of the mother he loved was with him until the day he died. Before leaving this earth, on April 30, 1945, he placed his mother's photograph in front of him. She had blue eyes like his and a similar face. Her maternal intuition told her that her son was different from other children. She acted almost as if she knew her son's destiny. When she died, she felt anguished by the immense mystery surrounding her son.

* * *

Throughout the years of his youth, Hitler lived the life of a virtual recluse. His greatest wish was to withdraw from the world. At heart a loner, he wandered about, ate meager meals, but devoured the books of three public libraries. He abstained from conversation and had few friends.

It is almost impossible to imagine another such destiny where a man started with so little and reached such heights. Alexander the Great was the son of a king. Napoleon, from a well-to-do family, was a general at 24. Fifteen years after Vienna, Hitler would still be an unknown corporal. Thousands of others had a thousand times more opportunity to leave their mark on the world.

Hitler had not yet focused on politics, but without his rightly knowing it, that was the career to which he was most strongly called. Politics would ultimately blend with his passion for art. People, the masses, would be the clay the sculptor shapes into an immortal form. That human clay would become for him a beautiful work of art like one of Myron's marble sculptures, a Hans Makart painting, or Wagner's Ring Trilogy.

His love of music, art and architecture had not removed him from the political life and social concerns of Vienna. In order to survive, he worked as a common laborer side by side with other workers. He was a silent spectator, but nothing escaped him: not the vanity and egoism of the bourgeoisie, nor the moral and material misery of the people, nor yet the hundreds of thousands of workers who surged down the wide avenues of Vienna with anger in their hearts.

He had also been taken aback by the growing presence in Vienna of bearded Jews wearing caftans, a sight unknown in Linz. "How can they be Germans?" he asked himself. He read the statistics: in 1860 there were 69 Jewish families in Vienna; 40 years later there were 200,000. They were everywhere. He observed their invasion of the universities and the legal and medical professions, and their takeover of the newspapers.

Hitler was exposed to the passionate reactions of workers to this influx, but the workers were not alone in their unhappiness. There were many prominent persons in both Austria and Hungary who did not hide their resentment at what they believed was an alien invasion of their country. The mayor of Vienna, a Christian-Democrat and a powerful orator, was eagerly listened to by Hitler.

Hitler was also concerned with the fate of the eight million Austrian Germans kept apart from Germany, and thus deprived of their rightful German nationhood. He saw Emperor Franz Josef as a bitter and petty old man unable to cope with the

problems of the day and the aspirations of the future.

* * *

Quietly, the young Hitler was summing things up in his mind.

First: Austrians were part of Germany, the common fatherland.

Second: The Jews were aliens within the German community.

Third: Patriotism was only valid if it was shared by all classes. The common people with whom Hitler had shared grief and humiliation were just as much a part of the fatherland as the millionaires of high society.

Fourth: Class war would sooner or later condemn both workers and bosses to ruin in any country. No country can survive class war; only cooperation between workers and bosses can benefit the country. Workers must be respected and live with decency and honor. Creativity must never be stifled.

When Hitler later said that he had formed his social and political doctrine in Vienna, he told the truth. Ten years later his observations made in Vienna would become the order of the day.

* * *

Thus Hitler was to live for several years in the crowded city of Vienna as a virtual outcast, yet quietly observing everything around him. His strength came from within. He did not rely on anyone to do his thinking for him. Exceptional human beings always feel lonely amid the vast human throng. Hitler saw his solitude as a wonderful opportunity to meditate and not feel submerged in a mindless sea. In order not to be lost in the wastes of a sterile desert, a strong soul seeks refuge within himself. Hitler was such a soul.

* * *

The lightning in Hitler's life would come from the Word.

All his artistic talent would be channeled into his mastery of communication and eloquence. Hitler would never conceive of popular conquests without the power of the Word. He would enchant and be enchanted by it. He would find total fulfillment when the magic of his words inspired the hearts and minds of the masses he communed with.

He would feel reborn each time he conveyed with mystical beauty the knowledge he had acquired in his lifetime.

Hitler's incantatory eloquence will remain, for a very long time, a vast field of study for the psychoanalyst. The power of Hitler's word is the key. Without it there would never have been a Hitler era.

* * *

Did Hitler believe in God? He believed deeply in God. He called God the Almighty, master of all that is known and unknown.

Propagandists portrayed Hitler as an atheist. He was not. He had contempt for hypocritical and materialistic clerics, but he was not alone in that. He believed in the necessity of standards and theological dogmas, without which, he repeatedly said, the great institution of the Christian church would collapse. These dogmas clashed with his intelligence, but he also recognized that it was hard for the human mind to encompass all the problems of creation, its limitless scope and breathtaking beauty. He acknowledged that every human being has spiritual needs.

The song of the nightingale, the pattern and color of a flower, continually brought him back to the great problems of creation. No one in the world has spoken to me so eloquently about the existence of God. He held this view not because he was brought up as a Christian, but because his analytical mind bound him to the concept of God.

Hitler's faith transcended formulas and contingencies. God was for him the basis of everything, the ordainer of all things, of his destiny and that of all others.

* * *

Hitler was not much concerned with his private life. In Vienna he had lived in shabby, cramped lodgings. But for all that he rented a piano that took up half of his room, and concentrated on composing his opera.

He lived on bread, milk, and vegetable soup. His poverty was real. He did not even own an overcoat. He shoveled streets on snowy days. He carried luggage at the railway station. He spent many weeks in shelters for the homeless. But he never stopped painting or reading.

Despite his dire poverty, Hitler somehow managed to maintain a clean appearance. Landlords and landladies in Vienna and Munich all remembered him for his civility and pleasant disposition. His behavior was impeccable. His room was always spotless, his meager belongings meticulously arranged, and his clothes neatly hung or folded. He washed and ironed his own clothes, something which in those days few men did. He needed almost nothing to survive, and money from the sale of a few paintings was sufficient to provide for all his needs.

* * *

The First World War was a turning point in his life. He regarded it as the hand of destiny.

"My Patient, Hitler"
A Memoir of Hitler's Jewish Physician

DR. EDUARD BLOCH

"My Patient, Hitler," by Dr. Eduard Bloch "as told to J. D. Ratcliff," originally appeared in two parts in the March 15 and March 22, 1941, issues of Collier's magazine. In those pre-television days, Collier's was one of the most influential and widely-read periodicals in the United States. Regarded by serious historians as an important primary historical source about Hitler's youth, this essay is cited, for example, in the bibliography and reference notes of John Toland's acclaimed biography, Adolf Hitler *(Doubleday, 1976). It is also cited as a source in Robert Payne's study,* The Life and Death of Adolf Hitler *(Praeger, 1973) and in Louis Snyder's* Encyclopedia of the Third Reich *(McGraw Hill, 1976). While frankly describing the devastating impact of Hitler's anti-Jewish measures on his own life and career, Dr. Bloch also writes about the teenage Hitler with an honesty and sensitivity that would be almost unthinkable in any large-circulation American magazine today. The complete text of the original two-part essay, including original subtitles, is reprinted here, with only a few minor additions in brackets.*

— The Editor

We were three days out of Lisbon bound west for New York. The storm on Saturday had been bad, but on Sunday the sea had subsided. A little before eleven o'clock that night our ship, the small Spanish liner Marques de Comillas, got orders to stop. British control officers aboard a trawler wanted to examine the passengers. Everyone was told to line up in the main lounge.

Four British officers, wearing life jackets, entered. Without comment they worked their way down the line, scrutinizing passports. There was a feeling of tenseness. Many of those aboard the ship were fleeing; they thought they had made good their escape from Europe once anchor was hoisted in Lisbon. Now? No one knew. Perhaps some of us would be taken off the ship.

Finally it was my turn. The officer in charge took my passport, glanced at it and looked up, smiling. "You were Hitler's physician, weren't you?" he asked. This was correct. It would also have been correct for him to add that I am a Jew.

I knew Adolf Hitler as a boy and as a young man. I treated him many times and was intimately familiar with the modest surroundings in which he grew to manhood. I attended, in her final illness, the person nearer and dearer to him than all others — his mother.

Most biographers — both sympathetic and unsympathetic — have avoided the youth of Adolf Hitler. The unsympathetic ones have done this of necessity. They could lay their hands on only the most meager facts. The official party biographies have skipped over this period because of the dictator's wishes. Why this abnormal sensitivity about his youth? I do not know. There are no scandalous chapters which Hitler might wish to hide, unless one goes back over a hundred years to the birth of his father. Some biographers say that Alois Hitler was an illegitimate child. I cannot speak for the accuracy of this statement.

What of those early years in Linz, Austria, where Hitler spent his formative years? What kind of boy was he? What kind of a life did he lead? It is of these things that we shall speak here.

When Adolf Hitler was Thirteen

First, I might introduce myself. I was born in Frauenburg, a tiny village in southern Bohemia which, in the course of my lifetime, had been under three flags: Austrian, Czechoslovakian and German. I am sixty-nine years old. I studied medicine in Prague, then joined the Austrian army as a military doctor. In 1899 I was ordered to Linz, capital of Upper Austria, and the third largest city in the country. When I completed my army service in 1901 I decided to remain in Linz and practice medicine.

As a city, Linz has always been as quiet and reserved as Vienna was gay and noisy. In the period of which we are about to speak — when Adolf Hitler was a boy of 13 [actually, 14] — Linz was a city of 80,000 people. My consultation rooms and home were in the same house, an ancient baroque structure on Landstrasse, the main thoroughfare of the city.

The Hitler family moved to Linz in 1903, because, I believe, of the good schools there. The family background is well known. Alois Schicklgruber Hitler was the son of a poor peasant girl. When he was old enough to work he got a job as a cobbler's apprentice, worked his way into the government

service and became a customs inspector at Braunau, a tiny frontier town between Bavaria and Austria. Braunau is fifty miles from Linz. At fifty-six Alois Hitler became eligible for a pension and retired. Proud of his own success, he was anxious for his son to enter government service. Young Adolf violently opposed the idea. He would be an artist. Father and son fought over this while the mother, Klara Hitler, tried to maintain peace.

As long as he lived Alois Hitler persevered in trying to shape his son's destiny to his own desires. His son would have the education which had been denied him; an education which would secure him a good government job. So Father Alois prepared to leave the hamlet of Braunau for the city of Linz. Because of his government service, he would not be required to pay the full tuition for his son at the *Realschule*. With all this in mind he bought a small farm in Leonding, a Linz suburb.

The family was rather large. In later life Adolf has so overshadowed the others that they are, for the better part, forgotten. There was half-brother Alois, whom I never met. He left home at an early age, got a job as a waiter in London and later opened his own restaurant in Berlin. He was never friendly with his younger brother.

Then there was Paula, the oldest of the girls. She later married Herr Rubal, an official in the tax bureau in Linz. Later still, after her husband's death and her brother's rise to power, she went to Berchtesgaden to become house-keeper at Hitler's villa. Sister Klara for a while managed a restaurant for Jewish students at the University of Vienna; and sister Angela, youngest of the girls, married a Professor Hamitsch at Dresden, where she still lives.

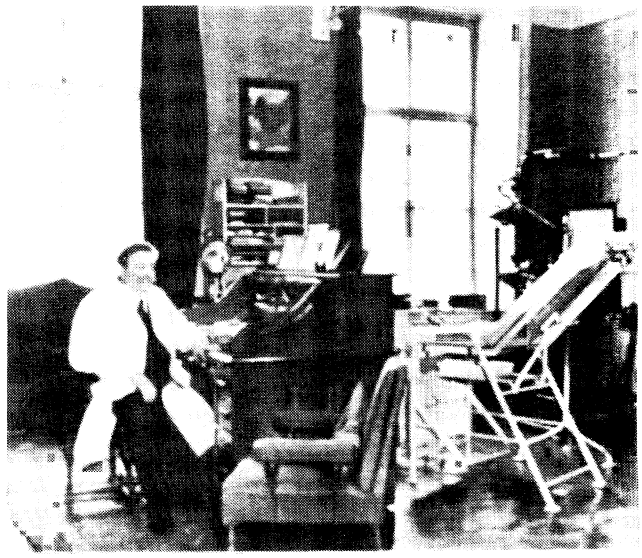
A Job for Frau Hitler

The family had barely settled in their new home outside of Linz when Alois, the father, died suddenly from an apoplectic stroke.

At the time Frau Hitler was in her early forties. She was a simple, modest, kindly women. She was tall, had brownish hair which she kept neatly plaited, and a long, oval face with beautifully expressive gray-blue eyes. She was desperately worried about the responsibilities thrust upon her by her husband's death. Alois, twenty-three years her senior, had always managed the family. Now the job was hers.

It was readily apparent that son Adolf was too young and altogether too fragile to become a farmer. So her best move seemed to be to sell the place and rent a small apartment. This she did, soon after her husband's death. With the proceeds of this sale and the small pension which came to her because of her husband's government position, she managed to hold her family together.

In a small town in Austria poverty doesn't force upon one the indignities that it does in a large city. There are no slums and no serious overcrowding. I do not know the exact income of the Hitler family, but being familiar with the scale of government pensions I should estimate it at $25 a month. This small sum allowed them to live quietly and decently — unnoticed little people in an out-of-the-way town.



Dr. Eduard Bloch, who was Jewish, treated Hitler as a young man, along with his mother and other members of the Hitler family. This picture of Dr. Bloch in his office in Linz was taken in 1938 on order of Martin Bormann for Hitler's "personal film file." The inscription reads: "The Führer often sat on the chair beside the desk." (Source: Bundesarchiv [Koblenz]. From: John Toland, *Adolf Hitler.*)

Their apartment consisted of three small rooms in the two-story house at No. 9 Bluetenstrasse, which is across the Danube from the main portion of Linz. Its windows gave an excellent view of the mountains.

My predominant impression of the simple furnished apartment was its cleanliness. It glistened; not a speck of dust on the chairs or tables, not a stray fleck of mud on the scrubbed floor, not a smudge on the panes in the windows. Frau Hitler was a superb housekeeper.

The Hitlers had only a few friends. One stood out above the others; the widow of the postmaster who lived in the same house.

The limited budget allowed not even the smallest extravagance. We had the usual provincial opera in Linz: not good, and not bad. Those who would hear the best went to Vienna. Seats in the gallery of our theater, the *Schauspielhaus*, sold for the equivalent of 10 to 15 cents in American money. Yet occupying one of these seats to hear an indifferent troupe sing Lohengrin was such a memorable occasion that Hitler records it in *Mein Kampf*!

For the most part the boy's recreations were

limited to those things which were free: walks in the mountains, a swim in the Danube, a free band concert. He read extensively and was particularly fascinated by stories about American Indians. He devoured the books of James Fenimore Cooper, and the German writer Karl May — who never visited America and never saw an Indian.

The family diet was, of necessity, simple and rugged. Food was cheap and plentiful in Linz; and the Hitler family ate much the same diet as other people in their circumstance. Meat would be served perhaps twice a week. Most of the meals they sat down to consisted of cabbage or potato soup, bread, dumplings and a pitcher of pear and apple cider.

For clothing, they wore the rough woolen cloth we call *Loden*. Adolf, of course, dressed in the uniform of all small boys: leather shorts, embroidered suspenders, a small green hat with a feather in its band.

A Remarkable Mother Love

What kind of boy was Adolf Hitler? Many biographers have put him down as harsh-voiced, defiant, untidy; as a young ruffian who personified all that is unattractive. This simply is not true. As a youth he was quiet, well-mannered and neatly dressed.

He records that at the age of fifteen he regarded himself as a political revolutionary. Possibly. But let us look at Adolf Hitler as he impressed people about him, not as he impressed himself.

He was tall, sallow, old for his age. He was neither robust nor sickly. Perhaps "frail looking" would best describe him. His eyes — inherited from his mother — were large, melancholy and thoughtful. To a very large extent this boy lived within himself. What dreams he dreamed I do not know.

Outwardly, his love for his mother was his most striking feature. While he was not a "mother's boy" in the usual sense, I have never witnessed a closer attachment. Some insist that this love verged on the pathological. As a former intimate of the family, I do not believe this is true.

Klara Hitler adored her son, the youngest of the family. She allowed him his own way wherever possible. His father had insisted that he become an official. He rebelled and won his mother to his side. He soon tired of school, so his mother allowed him to drop his studies.

All friends of the family know how Frau Hitler encouraged his boyish efforts to become an artist; at what cost to herself one may guess. Despite their poverty, she permitted him to reject a job which was offered in the post office, so that he could continue his painting. She admired his water colors and his sketches of the countryside. Whether this was honest admiration or whether it was merely an effort to encourage his talent I do not know.

She did her best to raise her boy well. She saw that he was neat, clean and as well fed as her purse would permit. Whenever he came to my consultation room this strange boy would sit among the other patients, awaiting his turn.

There was never anything seriously wrong. Possibly his tonsils would be inflamed. He would stand obedient and unflinching while I depressed his tongue and swabbed the trouble spots. Or, possibly, he would be suffering with a cold. I would treat him and send him on his way. Like any well-bred boy of fourteen or fifteen he would bow and thank me courteously.

I, of course, know of the stomach trouble that beset him later in life, largely as a result of bad diet while working as a common laborer in Vienna. I cannot understand the many references to his lung trouble as a youth. I was the only doctor treating him during the period in which he is supposed to have suffered from this. My records show nothing of the sort. To be sure, he didn't have the rosy cheeks and the robust good health of most of the other youngsters; but at the same time he was not sickly.

At the *Realschule* young Adolf's work was anything but brilliant. As authority for this, I have the word of his former teacher, Dr. Karl Huemer, an old acquaintance of mine. I was Frau Huemer's physician. In *Mein Kampf*, Hitler records that he was an indifferent student in most subjects, but that he loved history. This agrees with the recollections of Professor Huemer.

Desiring additional training in painting, Hitler decided he would go to Vienna to study at the Academy. This was a momentous decision for a member of a poor family. His mother worried about how he would get along. I understand that she even suggested pinching the family budget a little tighter to enable her to send him a tiny allowance. Credit to the boy, he refused. He even went further: he signed his minute inheritance over to his sisters. He was eighteen at the time.

I am not sure of the exact details of what happened on that trip to Vienna. Some contend that he was not admitted to the Academy because of his unsatisfactory art work. Others accept Hitler's statement that his rejection was due to his failure to graduate from the *Realschule* — the equivalent of an American high school. In any case he was home again within a few weeks. It was later in this year — 1908 [1907, according to some sources] — that it became my duty to give Hitler what was perhaps the saddest news of his life.

One day Frau Hitler came to visit me during my morning office hours. She complained of a pain in her chest. She spoke in a quiet, hushed voice; almost a whisper. The pain, she said, had been great; enough to deep her awake nights on end. She had been busy with her household so had neglected to seek medical aid. Besides, she thought the pain would pass away. When a physician hears such a story he almost automatically thinks of cancer. An examination showed that Frau Hitler had an exten-

sive tumor of the breast. I did not tell her of my diagnosis.

The Family Decides

I summoned the children to my office next day and stated the case frankly. Their mother, I told them, was a gravely ill woman. A malignant tumor is serious enough today, but it was even more serious thirty years ago. Surgical techniques were not so advanced and knowledge of cancer not so extensive.

Without surgery, I explained, there was absolutely no hope of recovery. Even with surgery there was but the slightest chance that she would live. In family council they must decide what was to be done.

Adolf Hitler's reaction to this news was touching. His long, sallow face was contorted. Tears flowed from his eyes. Did his mother, he asked, have no chance? Only then did I realize the magnitude of the attachment that existed between mother and son. I explained that she did have a chance; but a small one. Even this shred of hope gave him some comfort.

The children carried my message to their mother. She accepted the verdict as I was sure she would — with fortitude. Deeply religious, she assumed that her fate was God's will. It would never have occurred to her to complain. She would submit to the operation as soon as I could make preparations.

I explained the case to Dr. Karl Urban, the chief of the surgical staff at the Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy in Linz. Urban was one of the best-known surgeons in Upper Austria. He was — and is — a generous man, a credit to his profession. He willingly agreed to undertake the operation on any basis I suggested. After examination he concurred in my belief that Frau Hitler had very little chance of surviving but that surgery offered the only hope.

It is interesting to note what happened to this generous man nearly three decades later — after *Anschluss* [union] with Germany. Because of his political connections he was forced to abandon his position at the hospital. His son, who pioneered in brain surgery, was likewise forced from several offices.

Frau Hitler arrived at the hospital one evening in the early summer of 1908 [1907?]. I do not have the exact date, for my records of the case were placed in the archives of the Nazi party in Munich. In any case, Frau Hitler spent the night in the hospital and was operated on the following morning. At the request of this gentle, harried soul I remained beside the operating table while Dr. Urban and his assistant performed the surgery.

Two hours later I drove in my carriage across the Danube to the little house at No. 9 Blutenstrasse, in the section of the city known as Urfahr. There the children awaited me.

The girls received the word I brought with calm and reserve. The face of the boy was streaked with tears, and his eyes were tired and red. He listened until I had finished speaking. He has but one question. In a choked voice he asked: "Does my mother suffer?"

Hitler's Worst Moment

As weeks and months passed after the operation Frau Hitler's strength began visibly to fail. At most she could be out of bed for an hour or two a day. During this period Adolf spent most of his time around the house, to which his mother had returned.

He slept in the tiny bedroom adjoining that of his mother so that he could be summoned at any time during the night. During the day he hovered about the large bed in which she lay.

In illness such as that suffered by Frau Hitler, there is usually a great amount of pain. She bore her burden well; unflinching and uncomplaining. But it seemed to torture her son. An anguished grimace would come over him when he saw pain contract her face. There was little that could be done. An injection of morphine from time to time would give temporary relief; but nothing lasting. Yet Adolf seemed enormously grateful even for these short periods of release.

I shall never forget Klara Hitler during those days. She was forty-eight at the time; tall, slender and rather handsome, yet wasted by disease. She was soft-spoken, patient; more concerned about what would happen to her family than she was about her approaching death. She made no secret of these worries; or about the fact that most of her thoughts were for her son. "Adolf is still so young," she said repeatedly.

On the day of December 20, 1908 [or 1907], I made two calls. The end was approaching and I wanted this good woman to be as comfortable as I could make her. I didn't know whether she would live another week, or another month; or whether death would come in a matter of hours.

So, the word that Angela Hitler brought me the following morning came as no surprise. Her mother had died quietly in the night. The children had decided not to disturb me, knowing that their mother was beyond all medical aid. But, she asked, could I come now? Someone in an official position would have to sign the death certificate. I put on my coat and drove with her to the grief-stricken cottage.

The postmaster's widow, their closest friend, was with the children, having more or less taken charge of things. Adolf, his face showing the weariness of a sleepless night, sat beside his mother. In order to preserve a last impression, he had sketched her as she lay on her deathbed.

I sat with the family for a while, trying to ease their grief. I explained that in this case death had been a savior. They understood.

In the practice of my profession it is natural that I should have witnessed many scenes such as this one, yet none of them left me with quite the same impression. In all my career I have never seen anyone so prostrate with grief as Adolf Hitler.

I did not attend Klara Hitler's funeral, which was held on Christmas Eve. The body was taken from Urfahr to Leonding, only a few miles distant. Klara Hitler was buried beside her husband in the Catholic cemetery, behind the small, yellow stucco church. After the others — the girls, and the postmaster's widow — had left, Adolf remained behind; unable to tear himself away from the freshly filled grave.

And so this gaunt, pale young man stood alone in the cold. Alone with his thoughts on Christmas Eve while the rest of the world was gay and happy.

A few days after the funeral the family came to my office. They wished to thank me for the help I had given them. There was Paula, fair and stocky; Angela, slender, pretty but rather anemic; Klara and Adolf. The girls spoke what was in their hearts while Adolf remained silent. I recall this particular scene as vividly as I might recall something that took place last week.

Adolf wore a dark suit and a loosely knotted cravat. Then, as now, a shock of hair tumbled over his forehead. His eyes were on the floor while his sisters were talking. Then came his turn. He stepped forward and took my hand. Looking into my eyes, he said: "I shall be grateful to you forever." That was all. Then he bowed. I wonder if today he recalls this scene. I am quite sure that he does, for in a sparing sense Adolf Hitler had kept to his promise of gratitude. Favors were granted me which I feel sure were accorded no other Jew in all Germany or Austria.

Part II

Almost immediately after his mother's funeral Hitler left for Vienna, to attempt once more a career as an artist. His growth to manhood had been a painful experience for this boy who lived within himself. But ever more trying days were coming. Poor as the family was, he had at least been assured food and shelter while living at home. This couldn't be said of the days in Vienna. Hitler was entirely engrossed with the business of keeping body and soul together.

We all know something of his life there — how he worked as a hodcarrier on building-construction jobs until workmen threatened to push him off a scaffold. And we know that he shoveled snow and took any other job he could find. During this period, for three years in fact, Hitler lived in a man's hostel, the equivalent of a flophouse in any large American city. It was here that he began to dream of a world remade to his pattern.

While living in the hostel, surrounded by the human dregs of the large city, Hitler says, "I became dissatisfied with myself for the first time in my life." This dissatisfaction with himself was followed by dissatisfaction with everything about him — and the desire to alter things to his own liking.

Hitler's mother, Klara, at about the time of her marriage in 1885.

The vitriol of hate began to creep through his body. The grim realities of the life he lived encouraged him to hate the government, labor unions, the very men he lived with. But he had not yet begun to hate the Jews.

During this period he took time out to send me a penny postcard. On the back was a message: "From Vienna I send you my greetings. Yours, always faithfully, Adolf Hitler." It was a small thing, yet I appreciated it. I had spent a great deal of time treating the Hitler family and it was nice to know that this effort on my part had not been forgotten.

Official Nazi publications also record that I received one of Hitler's paintings — a small landscape. If I did I am not aware of it. But it is quite possible that he sent me one and that I have forgotten the matter. In Austria patients frequently send paintings or other gifts to their physicians as a mark of gratitude. Even now I have half a dozen of these oils and water colors which I have saved; but none painted by Hitler among them.

I did, however, preserve one piece of Hitler's art work. This came during the period in Vienna when

he was painting post cards, posters, etc., making enough money to support himself. This was the one time in his life that Hitler was able to make successful use of his talent.

He would paint these cards and dry them in front of a hot fire, which would give them a rather pleasing antique quality. Then other inmates of the hostel would peddle them. Today in Germany the few remaining samples of this work are more highly prized and sought after than the works of Picasso, Gauguin and Cézanne!

Hitler sent me one of these cards. It showed a hooded Capuchin monk hoisting a glass of bubbling champagne. Under the picture was a caption: "Prosit Neujahr — A toast to the New Year." On the reverse side he had written a message: "The Hitler family sends you the best wishes for a Happy New Year. In everlasting thankfulness, Adolf Hitler."

Why I put these cards aside to be saved, I do not know. Possibly it was because of the impression made upon me by that unhappy boy. Even today I cannot help thinking of him in terms of his grief and not in terms of what he has done to the world.

Those postal cards had a curious history. They indicated the extent to which Hitler has captured the imagination of some people. A rich Viennese industrialist — I do not know his name because he dealt through an intermediary — later made me an astonishing offer. He wanted to buy those two cards and was willing to pay 20,000 marks for them! I rejected the offer on the ground that I could not ethically make such a sale.

There is still another story in those two cards. Seventeen days after the collapse of the Schuschnigg government and the occupation of Austria by German troops, an agent of the Gestapo called at my home. At the time I was making a professional call, but my wife received him.

"Retained for Safekeeping"

"I am informed," he said, "that you have some souvenirs of the Fuehrer. I should like to see them." Acting sensibly, my wife made no protest. She didn't wish to have her home torn apart as so many Jewish homes had been. She found the two cards and handed them over. The agent scribbled a receipt which read: "Certificate for the safekeeping of two post cards (one of them painted by the hand of Adolf Hitler) confiscated in the house of Dr. Eduard Bloch." It was signed by the agent, named Groemer, who was previously unknown to us. He said I was to come to headquarters the following morning.

Almost as soon as the Nazis entered the city the Gestapo took over the small hotel in Gesellenhausstrasse formally patronized by traveling clergymen. I went to this place and was received almost immediately. I was greeted courteously by Dr. Rasch, head of the local bureau. I asked him why these bits of property had been taken.

Those were busy days for the Gestapo. There were many things to be looked after in a town of 120,000 people. It developed that Dr. Rasch was not familiar with my case. He asked if I were under suspicion for any political activity unfavorable to the Nazis. I replied that I was not; that I was a professional man with no political connections.

Apparently as an afterthought, he asked if I were a non-Aryan. I answered without compromise: "I am a 100 percent Jew." The change that came over him was instantaneous. Previously he had been businesslike but courteous. Now he became distant.

The cards, he said, would be retained for safekeeping. Then he dismissed me, neither rising nor shaking hands as he had when I entered. So far as I know the cards are still in the hands of the Gestapo. I never saw them again.

When he left for Vienna, Adolf Hitler was destined to disappear from our lives for a great many years. He had no friends in Linz to whom he might return to visit and few with whom he might exchange correspondence. So, it was much later that we learned of his wretched poverty on those days, and of his subsequent moving to Munich in 1912 [actually, in May 1913].

No news came back of the way in which he fell on his knees and thanked God when war was declared in 1914; and no news of his war service as a corporal with the 16th Bavarian Reserve Infantry. We heard nothing of his being wounded and gassed. Not until the beginning of his political career in 1920 were we again to get news of this quiet, polite boy who grew up among us.

Could This Be Adolf?

Occasionally the local newspapers would run items about the group of political supporters that Hitler was gathering about himself in Munich; stories of their hatred of the Jews, of the Versailles Peace, of nearly everything else. But no particular importance was attached to these activities. Not until twenty people died in the beer-hall putsch of November 8, 1923, did Hitler achieve local notoriety. Was it possible, I asked myself, that the man behind these things was the quiet boy I had known — the son of the gentle Klara Hitler?

Eventually even the mention of Hitler's name in the Austrian press was prohibited; still we continued to get word-of-mouth news of our former townsman: stories of the persecutions he had launched; of German rearmament; of war to come. This smuggled news reached responsive ears. A local Nazi party sprang up.

In theory such a party could not exist; it had been outlawed by the government. In practice authorities gave it their blessings. Denied uniforms, local Nazis adopted methods of identifying themselves to everyone. They wore white stockings. On their coats they wore a small wild flower, very much like the American daisy, and at Christmas time they

burned blue candles in their homes.

We all knew these things, but nothing was done. From time to time local authorities would find a Nazi flag on Klara Hitler's grave in Leonding, and would remove it without ceremony. Still, the gathering storm in Germany seemed remote. It was quite a while before I got any firsthand word from Adolf Hitler. Then, in 1937, a number of local Nazis attended the party conference at Nuremberg. After the conference Hitler invited several of these people to come with him to his mountain villa at Berchtesgaden. The Fuehrer asked for news of Linz. How was the town? Were people there supporting him? He asked for news of me. Was I still alive, still practicing? Then he made a statement irritating to local Nazis. "Dr. Bloch," said Hitler, "is an *Edeljude* — a noble Jew. If all Jews were like him, there would be no Jewish question." It was strange, and in a way flattering, that Adolf Hitler could see good in at least one member of my race.

It is curious now to look back on the feeling of security that we had by virtue of living on the right side of an imaginary line, the international boundary. Surely Germany would not chance invading Austria. France was friendly. Occupation of Austria would be inimical to the interests of Italy. Oh, but we were blind, in those days! Then we were caught up in a breathless rush of events. It was with hope that we read of [Austrian chancellor] Schuschnigg's trip to Berchtesgaden; his plebiscite; his inclusion of Seyss-Inquart in his cabinet. Possibly we would ride through this crisis untouched. But hope was doomed to death within a very few hours. As soon as Seyss-Inquart was taken into the cabinet, buttons sprouted in every lapel: "One People, One Realm, One Leader."

While Austria Died

On Friday, March 11, 1938, the Vienna radio was broadcasting a program of light music. It was 7:45 at night. Suddenly the announcer broke in. The chancellor would speak. Schuschnigg came on the air and said that to prevent bloodshed he was capitulating to the wishes of Hitler. The frontiers would be opened, he ended his address with the words: "*Gott schütze Oesterreich*" — may God protect Austria. Hitler was coming home to Linz.

In the sleepless days that followed we clung to our radios. Troops were pouring over the border at Passau, Kufstein, Mittenwalde and elsewhere. Hitler himself was crossing the Inn River at Braunau, his birthplace. Breathlessly, the announcer told us the story of the march. The Fuehrer himself would pause in Linz. The town went mad with joy. The reader should have no doubts about the popularity of *Anschluss* with Germany. The people favored it. They greeted the onrushing tide of German troops with flowers, cheers and songs. Church bells rang. Austrian troops and police fraternized with the invaders and there was general rejoicing.

The public square in Linz, a block from my home, was a turmoil. All afternoon it rang with the Horst Wessel song and *Deutschland über Alles*. Planes droned overhead, and advance units of the German army were given deafening cheers. Finally the radio announced that Hitler was in Linz.

Advance instructions had been given to the townspeople. All windows along the procession route were to be closed. Each should be lighted. I stood at the window of my home facing Landstrasse. Hitler would pass before me.

The Hero Returns

Soon the procession arrived — the great, black Mercedes car, a six-wheeled affair, flanked by motorcycles. The frail boy I had treated so often, and whom I had not seen for thirty years — stood in the car. I had accorded him only kindness; what was he now to do to the people I loved? I peered over the heads of the crowd at Adolf Hitler.

It was a moment of tense excitement. For years Hitler had been denied the right to visit the country of his birth. Now that country belonged to him. The elation that he felt was written on his features. He smiled, waved, gave the Nazi salute to the people that crowded the street. Then, for a moment he glanced up at my window. I doubt that he saw me, but he must have had a moment of reflection. Here was the home of the *Edeljude* who had diagnosed his mother's fatal cancer; here was the consultation room of the man who had treated his sisters; here was the place he had gone as a boy to have his minor ailments attended.

It was a brief moment. Then the procession was gone. It moved slowly into the town square — once Franz Josef Platz, soon to be renamed Adolf Hitler Platz. He spoke from the balcony of the town hall. I listened on the radio. Historic words: Germany and Austria were now one.

Hitler established himself in the Weinzinger Hotel, particularly requesting an apartment with a view of the Poestling Mountain. This scene had been visible from the windows of the modest apartment where he spent his boyhood.

The following day he called in a few old acquaintances: Oberhummer, a local party functionary; Kubitschek [Kubizek], the musician; Liedel, the watchmaker; Dr. Huemer, his former history teacher. It was understandable that he couldn't ask me, a Jew, to such a meeting; yet he did inquire after me. For a while I thought of asking for an audience, then decided this would be unwise.

Hitler arrived Saturday evening. Sunday he visited his mother's grave, and reviewed local Nazis as they marched before him. Not equipped with uniforms, they wore knickerbockers, ski pants or leather shorts. On Monday Hitler departed for Vienna.

Soon we were brought to a sharp realization of how different things were to be. There were 700

Jews in Linz. Shops, homes and offices of all these people were marked with the yellow-paper banners now visible throughout Germany, *JUDE* — Jew.

The first suggestion that I was to receive special

A sketch of the 16-year-old Hitler, drawn by a schoolmate.

favors came one day when the local Gestapo telephoned. I was to remove the yellow signs from my office and home. Then a second thing happened: My landlord, an Aryan, went to Gestapo headquarters to ask if I were to be allowed to remain in my apartment. "We wouldn't dare touch that matter," he was told. "It will be handled by Berlin." Hitler, apparently, had remembered. Then something happened that made me doubt.

For no reason whatsoever my son-in-law, a young physician, was jailed. No one was allowed to see him, and we received no news of him. My daughter went to the Gestapo. "Would the Leader like to know that the son-in-law of his old physician had been sent to prison?" she asked. She was treated rudely and brusquely for her temerity. Hadn't the signs been removed from her father's house? Wasn't that enough? Yet her visit must have had some effect. Within three weeks her husband was released.

My practice, which I believe was one of the largest in Linz, had begun to dwindle as long as a year before the arrival of Hitler. In this I might have seen a portent of things to come. Faithful older patients were quite frank in their explanations. The hatred preached by the Nazis was taking hold with the younger people. They would no longer patronize a Jew.

By decree, my active practice was limited to Jewish patients. This was another way of saying that I was to cease work altogether. For plans were in the making for ridding the town of all Jews. On November 10, 1938, the ruling was issued that all Jews were to leave Linz within forty-eight hours. They were to go to Vienna. The shock that attended this edict may be imagined. People who had lived all their lives in Linz were to sell their property, pack and depart in the space of two days.

I called at the Gestapo. Was I to leave? I was informed that an exception had been made in my case. I could remain. My daughter and her husband? Since they had already signified their intention of emigrating to America, they also could stay. But they would have to vacate their house. If there was room in my apartment they would be permitted to move there.

No More Favors

After thirty-seven years of active work my practice was at an end. I was permitted to treat only Jews. After the evacuation order there were but seven members of this race left in Linz. All were over eighty years of age.

It is understandable that my daughter and her husband would wish to take their life savings with them when they departed for America. So would I when my turn came to depart. Getting any local ruling on such a matter was out of the question. I knew that I couldn't see Adolf Hitler. Yet I felt that if I could get a message to him he would perhaps give us some help.

If Hitler himself was inaccessible perhaps one of his sisters would aid us. Klara was the nearest; she lived in Vienna. Her husband had died and she lived alone in a modest apartment in a quiet residential district. Plans were made for my daughter, Gertrude, to make the trip to Vienna to see her. She went to the apartment, knocked, but got no answer. Yet she was sure that there was someone at home.

She sought the aid of a neighbor. Frau Wolf — Klara Hitler — received no one, the neighbor said, except a few intimate friends. But this kind woman agreed to carry a message and report Frau Wolf's reply. My daughter waited. Soon the answer came back. Frau Wolf sent greetings and would do whatever she could. By good fortune Hitler was in Vienna that night for one of his frequent but unheralded visits to the opera. Frau Wolf saw him and, I feel sure, gave him the message. But no exception was

made in our case. When our turn came we were forced to go penniless, like so many thousands of others.

How has Hitler treated an old friend — one who cared for his family with patience, consideration and charity? Let's sum up the favors:

I don't believe that another Jew in all Austria was allowed to keep his passport. No J was stamped on my ration card, once food became scarce. This was most helpful because Jews today are allowed to shop only during restricted hours which are often inconvenient. Without the J on my card I could buy at any time. I was even given a ration card for clothes — something generally denied Jews.

If my relations with the Gestapo were not precisely cordial, I at least didn't suffer at their hands as did so many others. I was told on good authority, and I can well believe it, that the bureau in Linz had received special instructions from the chancellery in Berlin that I was to be accorded any reasonable favor.

It is possible, but unlikely, that my war record was particularly responsible for these small considerations. During the war I had charge of a 1,000–bed military hospital, and my wife supervised welfare work among the sick. I was twice decorated for this service.

Hitler Rebuilds His Home City

Hitler still regards Linz as his true home, and the changes he has wrought are astonishing. The once quiet, sleepy town had been transformed by its "godfather" — an honorary title particularly dear to Hitler. Whole blocks of old houses have been pulled down to make way for modern apartment houses; thereby causing an acute but temporary housing shortage. A new theater has gone up and a new bridge has been built over the Danube. The bridge, according to local legend, was designed by Hitler himself and plans were already completed at the time of *Anschluss*. The vast Hermann Goering Iron Works, built in the past two years, is just starting operations. To carry on this program of reconstruction whole trainloads of laborers have been imported: Czechs, Poles, Belgians.

Hitler has visited the city twice since the *Anschluss*, once at the time of the election which was to approve union with Germany; a second time secretly to see how reconstruction of the town was progressing. Each time had has stayed at the Weinzinger Hotel.

On the second visit the proprietor of the hotel was informed that Hitler's presence in town was not to be announced; that he would make his inspection tour in the morning. Delighted at having such an important personage in his house, the proprietor could not resist boasting. He telephoned several friends to give them the news. For this breach of discipline he paid heavily. His hotel was confiscated.

Many times I have been approached by Hitler biographers for notes on his youth. In most instances I have refused to speak. But I did talk to one of these men. He was a pleasant middle-aged gentleman from Vienna, who came from the government department headed by Rudolf Hess, of the Nazi inner circle. He was writing an official biography. I gave him such details as I could recall, and my medical records which he subsequently sent to Nazi party headquarters in Munich. He stayed in Linz and Braunau for several weeks; then the project terminated abruptly. I was told he had been sent to the silence of the concentration camp. Why, I do not know.

When it finally became my turn to leave Linz for America I knew that it would be impossible for me to take my savings with me. But the Gestapo had one more favor for me. I was to be allowed to take sixteen marks from the country instead of the customary ten!

The Nazi organization of physicians gave me a letter, of what value I do not know, which states that I was "worthy of recommendation." It went on to say that, because of my "character, medical knowledge and readiness to help the sick," I had won "the appreciation and esteem of my fellow men."

A party official suggested that I was expected to show some gratitude for all these favors. Perhaps a letter to the Fuehrer? Before I left Linz on a cold, foggy November morning, I wrote it. I wonder if it was ever received. It read:

> Your Excellency:
>
> Before passing the border I want to express my thanks for the protection which I have received. In material poverty I am now leaving the town where I have lived for forty-one years; but I leave conscious of having lived in the most exact fulfillment of my duty. At sixty-nine I will start my life anew in a strange country where my daughter is working hard to support her family.
>
> Yours faithfully,
> Eduard Bloch

"When public virtue is gone, when the national spirit is fled, when a party is substituted for the nation and faction for a party, when venality lurks and sulks in secret and, much more, when it impudently braves the public censure . . . the republic is lost in essence, though it may still exist in form."

— John Adams, to Benjamin Rush,
Sept. 27, 1808

Advance to Barbarism

THE DEVELOPMENT OF TOTAL WARFARE

F.J.P. Veale

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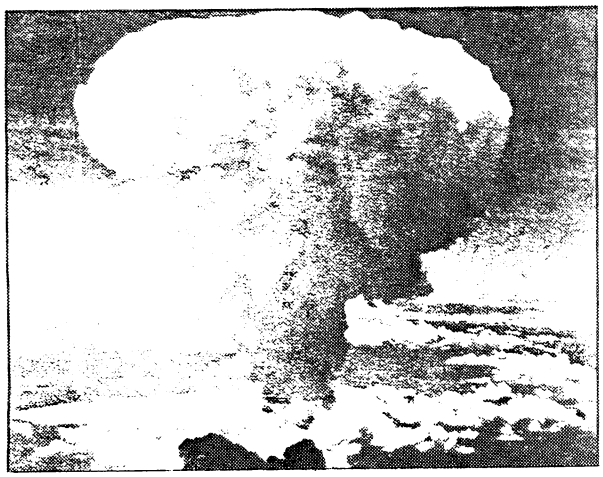

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A Dangerous Cult of Novelty

ALEKSANDR SOLZHENITSYN

One of the most influential historians of our age, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn has done as much as anyone to promote international awareness of the brutality of the great Soviet experiment in creating a classless, egalitarian world. In January 1993, the Russian Nobel prize laureate was awarded the medal of honor for literature of the National Arts Club in New York City. His wife, Natalya Solzhenitsyn, accepted the medal on his behalf, and his son Ignat read his acceptance remarks. The text of Solzhenitsyn's address follows, translated by his sons, Ignat and Stephan.

There is a long-accepted truth about art that "style is the man" (*"le style est l'homme"*). This means that every work of a skilled musician, artist or writer is shaped by an absolutely unique combination of personality traits, creative abilities and individual, as well as national, experience. And since such a combination can never be repeated, art (but I shall here speak primarily of literature) possesses infinite variety across the ages and among different peoples. The divine plan is such that there is no limit to the appearance of ever new and dazzling creative talents, none of whom, however, negate in any way the works of their outstanding predecessors, even though they may be 500 or 2,000 years removed. The unending quest for what is new and fresh is never closed to us, but this does not deprive our grateful memory of all that came before.

No new work of art comes into existence (whether consciously or unconsciously) without an organic link to what was created earlier. But it is equally true that a healthy conservatism must be flexible both in terms of creation and perception, remaining equally sensitive to the old and to the new, to venerable and worthy traditions, and to the freedom to explore, without which no future can ever be born. At the same time the artist must not forget that creative *freedom* can be dangerous, for the fewer artistic limitations he imposes on his own work, the less chance he has for artistic success. The loss of a responsible organizing force weakens or even ruins the structure, the meaning and the ultimate value of a work of art.

Every age and every form of creative endeavor owes much to those outstanding artists whose untiring labors brought forth new meanings and new rhythms. But in the 20th century the necessary equilibrium between tradition and the search for the unending quest for what is new and fresh is never closed to us, but this does not deprive our grateful memory of all that came before.

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Every age and every form of creative endeavor owes much to those outstanding artists whose untiring labors brought forth new meanings and new rhythms. But in the 20th century the necessary equilibrium between tradition and the search for the new has been repeatedly upset by a falsely understood "avant-gardism" — a raucous, impatient "avant-gardism" at any cost. Dating from before World War I, this movement undertook to destroy all commonly accepted art — its forms, language, features and properties — in its drive to build a kind of "superart," which would then supposedly spawn the New Life itself. It was suggested that literature should start anew "on a blank sheet of paper." (Indeed, some never went much beyond this stage.) Destruction, thus, became the apotheosis of this belligerent avant-gardism. It aimed to tear down the entire centuries-long cultural tradition, to break and disrupt the natural flow of artistic development by a sudden leap forward. This goal was to be achieved through an empty pursuit of novel forms as an end in itself, all the while lowering the standards of craftsmanship for oneself to the point of slovenliness and artistic crudity, at times combined with a meaning so obscured as to shade into unintelligibility.

This aggressive impulse might be interpreted as a mere product of personal ambition, were it not for the fact that in Russia (and I apologize to those gathered here for speaking mostly of Russia, but in our time it is impossible to bypass the harsh and extensive experience of my country), in Russia this impulse and its manifestations preceded and foretold the most *physically* destructive revolution of the 20th century. Before erupting on the streets of Petrograd, this cataclysmic revolution erupted on the pages of the artistic and literary journals of the capital's bohemian circles. It is there that we first heard scathing imprecations against the entire Russian and European way of life, the calls to sweep away all religions or ethical codes, to tear down, overthrow, and trample all existing traditional culture, along with the self-extolment of the desperate innovators themselves, innovators who never did succeed in producing anything of worth. Some of these appeals literally called for the destruction of the Racines, the Murillos and the Raphaels, "so that bullets would bounce off museum walls." As for the classics of Russian literature, they were to be "thrown overboard from the ship of modernity." Cultural history would have to begin anew. The cry was "Forward, forward!" — its authors already called themselves "futurists," as though they had now stepped over and beyond the present, and were bestowing upon us what was undoubtedly the genuine art of the Future.

But no sooner did the revolution explode in the streets, than those "futurists" who only recently, in their manifesto entitled "A Slap in the Face of Public Taste," had preached an "insurmountable hatred toward the existing language" — these same "futurists" changed their name to the "Left Front," now directly joining the revolution at its leftmost flank. It thus became clear that the earlier outbursts of this "avant-gardism" were no mere literary froth, but had very real embodiment in life. Beyond their intent to overturn the entire culture, they aimed to uproot life itself. And when the Communists gained unlimited power (their own battle cry called for tearing the existing world "down to its foundations," so as to build a new Unknown Beautiful World in its stead, with equally unlimited brutality) they not only opened wide the gates of publicity and popularity to this horde of so-called "avant-gardists," but even gave some of them, as to faithful allies, power to administrate over culture.

Granted, neither the raging of this pseudo-"avant-garde" nor its power over culture lasted long; there followed a general coma of all culture. We in the USSR began to trudge, downcast, through a 70-year-long ice age, under whose heavy glacial cover one could barely discern the secret heartbeat of a handful of great poets and writers. These were almost entirely unknown to their own country, not to mention the rest of the world, until much later. With the ossification of the totalitarian Soviet regime, its inflated pseudoculture ossified as well, turning into the loathsome ceremonial forms of so-called "socialist realism." Some individuals have been eager to devote numerous critical analyses to the essence and significance of this phenomenon. I would not have written a single one, for it is outside the bounds of art altogether: the *object* of study, the style of "socialist realism," never existed. One does not need to be an expert to see that it consisted of nothing more than servility, a style defined by "What would you care for?" or "Write whatever the Party commands." What scholarly discussion can possibly take place here?

And now, having lived though these 70 lethal years inside Communism's iron shell, we are crawling out, though barely alive. A new age has clearly begun both for Russia and for the whole world. Russia lies utterly ravaged and poisoned; its people are in a state of unprecedented humiliation, and are on the brink of perishing physically, perhaps even biologically. Given the current conditions of national life, and the sudden exposure and ulceration of the wounds amassed over the years, it is only natural that literature should experience a pause. The voices that bring forth the nation's literature need time before they can begin to sound once again.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn

However, some writers have emerged who appreciate the removal of censorship and the new, unlimited artistic freedom mostly in one sense: for allowing uninhibited "self-expression." The point is to *express* one's own perception of one's surroundings, often with no sensitivity toward today's ills and scars, and with a visible emptiness of heart; to express the personality of an author, whether it is significant or not; to express it with no sense of responsibility toward the morals of the public, and especially of the young; and at times thickly lacing the language with obscenities which for hundreds of years were considered unthinkable to put in print, but now seem to be almost in vogue.

The confusion of minds after 70 years of total oppression is more than understandable. The artistic perception of the younger generations finds itself in shock, humiliation, resentment, amnesia. Unable to find in themselves the strength fully to withstand and refute Soviet dogma in the past, many young writers have now given in to the more accessible path of pessimistic relativism. Yes, they say, Communist doctrines were a great lie; but then again, absolute truths do not exist anyhow, and trying to find them is pointless. Nor is it worth the trouble to strive for some kind of higher meaning.

And in one sweeping gesture of vexation, classical Russian literature — which never disdained reality and sought the truth — is dismissed as next to worthless. Denigrating the past is deemed to be the key to progress. And so it had once again become fashionable in Russia to ridicule, debunk, and toss overboard the great Russian literature, steeped as it is in love and compassion toward all human beings and especially toward those who suffer. And in order to facilitate this operation of discarding, it is announced that the lifeless and servile "socialist realism" had in fact been an organic continuation of full-blooded Russian literature.

Thus we witness, through history's various thresholds, a recurrence of one and the same perilous anti-cultural phenomenon, with its rejection of and contempt for all foregoing tradition, and with its mandatory hostility toward whatever is universally accepted. Before, it burst in upon us with the fanfares and gaudy flag of "futurism"; today the term "post-modernism" is applied. (Whatever the meaning intended for this term, its lexical makeup involves an incongruity: the seeming claim that a person can think and experience *after* the period in which he is destined to live.)

For a post-modernist, the world does not possess values that have reality. He even has an expression for this: "the world as text," as something secondary, as the text of an author's work, wherein the primary object of interest is the author himself in his relationship to the work, his own introspection. Culture, in this view, ought to be directed inward at itself (which is why these works are so full of reminiscences, to the point of tastelessness); it alone is valuable and real. For this reason the concept of play acquires a heightened importance — not the Mozartian playfulness of a Universe overflowing with joy, but an forced playing upon the strings of emptiness, where an author need have no responsibility to anyone. A denial of any and all ideals is considered courageous. And in this voluntary self-delusion, "post-modernism" sees itself as the crowning achievement of all previous culture, the final link in its chain. (A rash hope, for already there is talk of a birth of "conceptualism," a term that has yet to be convincingly defend in terms of its relationship to art, though no doubt this too will duly be attempted. And then there is already *post-avant-gardism*; and it would be no surprise if we were to witness the appearance of a "post-post-modernism," or of a "post-futurism.") We could have sympathy for this constant searching, but only as we have sympathy for the suffering of a sick man. The search is doomed by its theoretical premises to forever remaining a secondary or ternary exercise, devoid of life or of a future.

But let us shift our attention to the more complex flow of this process. Even though the 20th century has seen the more bitter and disheartening lot fall to the peoples under Communist domination, our whole world is living though a century of spiritual illness, which could not but give rise to a similar ubiquitous illness in art. Although for other reasons, a similar "post-modernist" sense of confusion about the world has also arisen in the West.

Alas, at a time of an unprecedented rise in the material benefits of civilization and ever-improving standards of living, the West, too, has been undergoing an erosion and obscuring of high moral and ethical ideals. The spiritual axis of life has grown dim, and to some lost artists the world had now appeared in seeming senselessness, as an absurd conglomeration of debris.

Yes, world culture today is of course in crisis, a crisis of great severity. The newest directions in art seek to outpace this crisis on the wooden horse of clever stratagems — on the assumption that if one invents deft, resourceful new methods, it will be as though the crisis never was. Vain hopes. Nothing worthy can be built on a neglect of higher meanings and on a relativistic view of concepts and culture as a whole. Indeed, something greater than a phenomenon confined to art can be discerned shimmering here beneath the surface — shimmering not with light but with an ominous crimson glow.

Looking intently, we can see that behind these ubiquitous and seemingly innocent experiments of rejecting "antiquated" tradition there lies a deep-seated hostility toward any spirituality. This relentless cult of novelty, with its assertion that art need not be good or pure, just so long as it is new, newer, and newer still, conceals an unyielding and long-sustained attempt to undermine, ridicule and uproot all moral precepts. There is no God, there is

no truth, the universe is chaotic, all is relative, "the world as text," a text any post-modernist is willing to compose. How clamorous it all is, but also — how helpless.

For several decades now, world literature, music, painting and sculpture have exhibited a stubborn tendency to grow not higher but to the side, not toward the highest achievements of craftsmanship and of the human spirit but toward their disintegration into a frantic and insidious "novelty." To decorate public spaces we put up sculptures that estheticize pure ugliness — but we no longer register surprise. And if visitors from outer space were to pick up our music over the airwaves, how could they ever guess that earthlings once had a Bach, a Beethoven and a Schubert, now abandoned as out of date and obsolete?

If we, the creators of art, will obediently submit to this downward slide, if we cease to hold dear the great cultural tradition of the foregoing centuries together with the spiritual foundations from which it grew — we will be contributing to a highly dangerous fall of the human spirit on earth, to a degeneration of mankind into some kind of lower state, closer to the animal world.

And yet, it is hard to believe that we will allow this to occur. Even in Russia, so terribly ill right now, we wait and hope that after the coma and a period of silence, we shall feel the breath of a reawakening Russian literature, and that we shall witness the arrival of fresh new forces — of our younger brothers.

A Holocaust Debate

Only rarely do those who detest Doug Collins' audacious skepticism about the Holocaust story ever bother to respond to the substance of his arguments. Normally his detractors react with blind invective. In a rare exception, two University of British Columbia historians replied to Collins' August 18 column — reprinted in the Nov.–Dec. 1993 Journal *(pp. 10–11) — with a more or less thoughtful letter. That letter is reprinted here, along with follow-up letters by Collins and Robert Faurisson (and with the original headlines), from the* North Shore News *of Nov. 7, Dec. 3, and Nov. 19.*

Holocaust Scrutiny To Refute Falsifiers

Dear Editor:

In his column of Aug. 18 Doug Collins doubted that five or six million Jews were killed in the Holocaust by citing the names of a number of utterly discredited supporters of his position.

The claims of David Irving, Paul Rassinier, Robert Faurisson, Fred Leuchter, and Arthur Butz collapsed during cross-examination at Zündel's trials or under the scrutiny of historians outside the courtroom. The answer to Collins' own question why they continue their campaign can be found in Deborah Lipstadt's book, *Denying the Holocaust: The Growing Assault on Truth and Memory* (1993).

Short work can be made of Collins' other citations. That Churchill hardly mentioned the Holocaust only demonstrates a deficiency as an historian. Scholars have proven that the Red Cross never provided a figure of 300,000 [deaths] after the war.

Yehuda Bauer and Raul Hilberg, who were selectively quoted or slandered by Collins in his column, as well as other admirable writers on the subject such as Martin Gilbert, Leni Yahil, Lucy Dawidowicz, Michael Marrus and Christopher Browning, are agreed on a number higher than five million even if less than six.

The German historian H. Krausnick overwhelmingly documented the murder of approximately 2.2 million Jews by the Einsatzgruppen, referred to obliquely by Collins, and the figures for the extermination camps are 3,550,000, even allowing a low number for Auschwitz (Chelmno, 150,000; Belzec, 600,000; Sobibor, 200,000; Majdanek, 200,000; Treblinka, 900,000; Auschwitz, 1,500,000). By this widely accepted reckoning the total is 5,750,000.

Any doubter of mass gassings at Auschwitz should examine the extraordinary documentary assembled by Jean-Claude Pressac, *Auschwitz: Technique and Operation of the Gas Chambers* (1989).

After the dissolution of the Soviet Union, Russia released a vast number of captured German documents from Auschwitz and scholars have microfilmed the archives of German and collaborationist governments in eastern Europe.

We will soon have more precise (probably also higher) numbers, and many gaps in the history will be filled, but certainly not in support of the falsifiers cited in obstinate ignorance by Collins.

Leonidas E. Hill
John S. Conway
Dept. of History,
University of British Columbia
Vancouver

The Story Keeps Changing

Dear Editor:

Leonidas E. Hill of UBC accuses me of "selectivity" and "slandering" Professor Yehuda Bauer and others in my column of Aug. 18 on the "Holocaust" ("The story keeps changing").

Bauer is director of Holocaust studies at Hebrew University in Israel, and was reported in the *New York Times* of Nov. 12, 1989, as saying that the four million figure for all deaths at Auschwitz

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was "patently false," and that the true figure as far as Jews were concerned was 1.35 million.

"The larger figures have been dismissed for years," he continued, "except that it hasn't reached the public and I think it's about time it did." The Polish communists and nationalists [Bauer added] "promoted the larger figures to serve a political purpose."

According to Hill, "scholars have proven that the Red Cross never provided a figure of 300,000 (who died in the camps)." But a Red Cross report dated May 11, 1979, states that the total was 271,304, plus a further 90,069 who died elsewhere. The numbers do indeed keep changing.

Hill's snooty remark on Winston Churchill demands comment. That Churchill made no reference to the holocaust in his six-volume war history he puts down to Churchill's "inadequacy" as a historian. Really? Churchill may not have had a degree in history from UBC, but the author of *The World Crisis*, *A History of the English Speaking Peoples*, *The Life of Marlborough*, *The Second World War* and many other works, is not to be sneezed at. What has Hill done?

Hill needs a lesson in English, too. One can libel a person in print, but not slander him.

Doug Collins
West Vancouver

Faurisson Still Waiting For "Exterminationists"

Dear Editor:

In his letter of Nov. 7, Mr. Leonidas Hill of UBC took issue with a column on the Holocaust written by Doug Collins.

In doing so, he claimed that evidence given by me and other defence witnesses at the second Zündel trial "collapsed under the scrutiny of historians." That is nonsense, and so is his further claim that 5,750,000 Jews were exterminated.

A reading of the transcript of the trial suffices to show that there was no order to exterminate the Jews, no plan (not even at Wannsee), no budget, no expert report stating "this was a homicidal gas chamber" and no autopsy report stating "this was the body of an inmate killed by poison gas."

On the contrary, proof was delivered that the alleged homicidal Nazi gas chambers, could not have existed. After the trial, Arno Mayer, history professor at Princeton and of Jewish origin, wrote:

> Sources for the study of the gas chambers are at once rare and unreliable . . . Besides, certainly at Auschwitz but probably overall, more Jews were killed by "natural causes" than "unnatural" ones. (See the book *Why Did The Heavens Not Darken?*, Pantheon, 1988.)

Hill mentioned Jean-Claude Pressac's 1989 book *Auschwitz: Technique and Operation of the*

Gas Chambers. That title is misleading. According to the author himself, the book contains no "proofs" of the crime, but what he calls "criminal traces."

Recently, Pressac published a second book, *Les Crématoires d'Auschwitz*. There is nothing new in it except that he no longer puts the number of deaths at four million (Nuremberg trial) or 1,500,000 (L. E. Hill), but 775,000 rounded up to 800,000. The real Auschwitz figure might be about 150,000 deaths, due especially to typhus and typhoid.

I am still waiting for the "exterminationists" to respond to my challenge: "Show me or draw me a Nazi gas chamber."

Prof. Robert Faurisson
Vichy, France

Martin Larson

Dr. Martin A. Larson, a good friend of the Institute for Historical Review since its founding, died on January 16 in Arizona at the age of 96.

He spoke at the first IHR conference, held at Northrop University in Los Angeles in 1979, dedicating this first-ever International Revisionist Conference to the memory of his friend of many years, historian Harry Elmer Barnes. Larson concluded his dedication address with the words: "Let this convention be a memorial to this great and courageous man, and let his great spirit, which never was daunted by obstacles or threats, permeate our own work while we are here." Dr. Larson also spoke at the IHR conferences of 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1986 and 1987.

He served as a member of this *Journal*'s Editorial Advisory Committee from the very first (Spring 1980) issue until his recent death, and four articles by him appeared in the *Journal* over the years.

Larson was born in Whitehall, Michigan, in 1897. Following service in the US Navy, he attended and graduated from Kalamazoo College, where he distinguished himself in track, forensics and scholarship. With a state fellowship, he went on to study at the University of Michigan, which awarded him a Ph.D. in English literature in 1927 for his research into the sources of Milton's theology. For a number of years he taught at what are now Eastern Michigan University and the University of Idaho.

After a period of running his own business in Detroit, he retired at the age of 53 to devote himself to research and writing. He took a particularly keen interest in comparative religions, taxation and the monetary system.

Dr. Larson was the author of more than 20 books. His first, *The Modernity of Milton*, was based on his doctoral dissertation. Another, *The Religion of the Occident*, was first published in 1959 and appeared later in a revised edition under the title of *The Story of Christian Origins*. Other books included *Jefferson: Magnificent Populist* and *The Essene Christian Faith*, the latter re-published in 1989 by the Noontide Press. (Both are available from the IHR.)

Martin Larson

Dr. Larson was a guest on countless radio and television programs, and his writing appeared in numerous periodicals, including *Fortune* and *Reader's Digest*. During the final years of his life, he and his wife, Emma, made their home in Arizona.

Along with his many friends and admirers in America and around the world, we are saddened by his passing. We here at the IHR will remember this gentleman and scholar as one of our most steadfast friends.

Remer Evades Imprisonment for "Thought Crime"

German courts have ordered an 82-year-old man in poor health to serve a 22-month prison sentence because he published articles rejecting claims of wartime mass killings in Auschwitz gas chambers.

In November 1993, the Federal High Court in Karlsruhe upheld the 1992 sentence of a district court, which found Otto Ernst Remer guilty of "popular incitement" and "incitement to racial hatred" because of statements disputing gas chamber claims that appeared in five issues of the widely circulated tabloid paper that bears his name, *Remer Depesche* ("Remer Dispatch").

Scores of young Germans signed petitions demanding the right to take Remer's place behind bars. "I am proud that there are young men today who share my convictions," commented Remer.

Remer, who is in poor health, was scheduled to begin serving his sentence on February 7. Rather than go to prison, though, he went into hiding. According to some unconfirmed reports, Remer is now living in Russia. (For years he had been an outspoken advocate of cordial relations between Germany and Russia.)

In Germany today, to dispute claims of mass killings in wartime concentration camps is regarded as a criminal attack against all Jews, who enjoy a privileged status there.

Remer's "crime" was a non-violent expression of opinion. In most of the world, including the United States, his "criminal" statements are entirely permissible and legal expressions of views. Like other such so-called "Auschwitz Lie" cases, the Remer

conviction points up Germany's special status among the world's nations. As one writer has put it, Germany remains on permanent probation.

Remer at the Eighth IHR Conference, 1987

The judges in the October 1992 trial in Schweinfurt flatly refused to consider *any* of the extensive evidence presented by Remer's attorneys. (For more on this case, see the March-April 1993 *Journal*, pp. 29-30.)

Remer, who addressed the Eighth IHR conference in 1987, is himself a historical figure. As a young officer in command of the Berlin guard regiment in July 1944, he played a key role in putting down the ill-fated attempt by conspirators to kill Hitler and seize power in a violent coup.

Remer was promoted, eventually to General, and at the end of the war was serving as a commander in Pomerania. For his extraordinary courage and daring in combat, he was awarded numerous military decorations, including the Knight's Cross with Oak Leaves. (Remer's essay, "My Role in Berlin on July 20, 1944," was published in the Spring 1988 *Journal*. His presentation at the 1987 IHR conference is available on both audio- and videotape from the IHR.)

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Behind *Khrushchev Remembers*

VICTOR MARCHETTI

One of the more interesting escapades of the Cold War was the publication in the early 1970s of the book *Khrushchev Remembers*. The circumstance surrounding the publication of the memoirs of [then-retired former Soviet premier] Nikita Khrushchev under the guidance of Time, Inc., were mysterious and mystifying. Khrushchev's thoughts had been secretly taped in the Soviet Union and then miraculously transported to the United States to be transcribed and published, indicating that a special deal had been worked out between the US and the USSR — with the CIA and the KGB acting as the agents in the transaction.

The Soviet leader in those days was Leonid Brezhnev, and he was having trouble with the unreconstructed Stalinists in the Communist Party. He needed to do something dramatic to blunt the challenge to his power by these diehard reactionaries. So, a scheme was hatched whereby Khrushchev, who was still popular with the masses, would secretly dictate his memoirs and strongly criticize Stalin and his policies, particularly those favored by Brezhnev's opponents.

But in the tightly controlled Soviet society, there was no way that Khrushchev's views could be published. There was no such thing as freedom of speech in the Communist empire. However, if the tapes, after being reviewed by Brezhnev's people, were to be smuggled out of the USSR to the US, they could be published there as a best-selling book — and later smuggled back into the Soviet Union for distribution to the public by the underground network. The Kremlin would then be able to feign helplessness and shrug its shoulders.

Meanwhile, the Stalinists would be dealt a serous set back, which would be underscored by the Kremlin's lack of punishment to Khrushchev. And in the United States, the Nixon-Kissinger team would be happy with the proof that Stalinist Russia was a thing of the past and the Brezhnev regime was one Americans could live with. Although Soviet people might understand what had really transpired, the gullible American public would accept *Khrushchev Remembers* as genuine — especially if the media went along with the plan. And that is precisely what happened. The Khrushchev tapes were "smuggled" out of the Soviet Union, right under the nose of the KGB, by a young correspondent at the *Time* news bureau in Moscow. Months later, after the book had been edited and put in bound galleys in New York, this same daring journalist traveled to Helsinki to give the KGB one last look at *Khrushchev Remembers* before it was published.

The name of the young *Time* correspondent and

the CIA's helping hand: Strobe Talbott [who recently became President Clinton's Deputy Secretary of State].

Victor Marchetti served for 14 years with the Central Intelligence Agency, where he rose to be executive assistant to the deputy director. He is co-author of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, published in 1974. Marchetti's address to the Ninth IHR Conference (1989), "Propaganda and Disinformation: How the CIA Manufactures History," appeared in the Fall 1989 *Journal*. He is presently editor-publisher of the newsletter *New American View*, P.O. Box 999, Herndon, VA 22070. This item is reprinted, by permission, from the March 1, 1994, issue of *New American View*.

A Confession

It is a fact that more than half of the membership of the tiny pre-Soviet Lithuanian Communist Party, about eight hundred people, were Jews. It is also a fact that these Jewish Communists in 1940 and 1941 played prominent roles in the Soviet occupation administration of Lithuania. The most notorious interrogators of the Lithuanian branch of the Soviet security police, the NKVD, were Lithuanian Jewish Communists, and many such Jewish Communists manned the NKVD detachments, which randomly arrested and deported to Siberia the alleged class enemies and other so-called "anti-Soviet elements" of Lithuania.

. . . No wonder then that as soon as the Lithuanians got rid of the Soviets (this they did in a national uprising on the first day of the Soviet-German war [June 22, 1941], taking control of the country long before the German troops were able to occupy it), a series of wild Jewish pogroms broke out in the country, the first Jewish pogroms on Lithuanian soil in the whole 600-year-old history of Lithuanian-Jewish cohabitation. It is believed that in Kaunas alone 3,800 Jews were killed during these pogroms. Along with these spontaneous acts of violence the Lithuanian rebel troops started indiscriminately arresting Jews for their "collaboration with the Soviets" in a more organized but not less random fashion. In Kaunas, the thus-arrested alleged Jewish collaborators of the Soviets were assembled in a huge garage and cruelly massacred there the next day. My father was one of the victims of that Lietukis garage massacre. The German troops marched into Kaunas on the day of this massacre only to witness the last instants of that bloody orgy.

. . . As a Jew, I must reject the assumption that we Jews forever were just the faultless and powerless victims of other peoples' abuse and injustices, and must admit our own faults, such as, for example: our certain insensitivity to some of the grave problems facing our gentile landsmen; our self-centeredness that only too often urged some of us to seek our particular goals without giving much consideration to how the achievement of these goals would affect the interests of others; the frivolousness that more than once led quite a number of us to assume that what is good for Jews must be even better for the gentiles. Too many of us, led by such considerations, were more than ready to engage ourselves thoughtlessly in all kinds of subversive and revolutionary activities threatening the integrity and even survival of our host countries. For this we have to confess our guilt.

— From an essay by Aleksandras Shtromas, a professor of political science at Hillsdale College (Michigan) who was interned during the Second World War in the Kaunas (Lithuania) ghetto. Published in *The World & I* (Washington, DC), February 1992, pp. 572, 577.

Stalingrad and Dachau

"The scale of the defeat of the Sixth Army at Stalingrad was unprecedented in German history. Of the 250,000 soldiers of the Sixth Army who battled their way to Stalingrad in the fall of 1942, nearly 150,000 had been killed or wounded by January of 1943. Of the 91,000 who were captured by the Russians, fewer than 6,000 ever returned to Germany. The chances of surviving Dachau, one German has told me, were more than five times as great as the chances of surviving Stalingrad."

— Timothy W. Ryback, in *The New Yorker*, Feb. 1, 1993, p. 60.

Rewriting History

"The Holocaust was [once] regarded as a side story of the much larger story of World War II. Now one thinks of World War II as a background story and the Holocaust as a foreground story."

— Michael Berenbaum, Project Director of the US Holocaust Memorial Museum and Georgetown University theology professor. Quoted in *The Washington Times*, Jan. 10, 1991.

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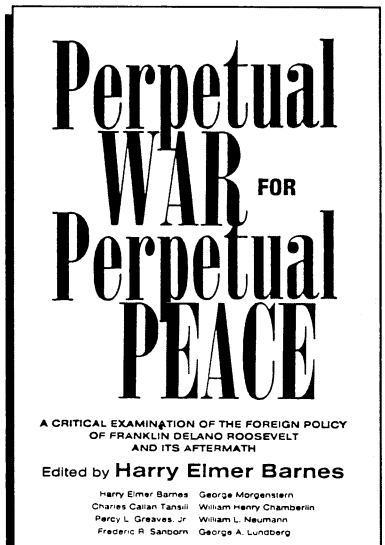
Its republication by the Institute in 1983 was an event, and not merely because IHR's version included Harry Elmer Barnes' uncannily prophetic essay on "1984" trends in American policy and public life (considered too controversial for conservatives and anti-Communists in the early 50's). It was hailed by the international Revisionist community, led by Dr. James J. Martin, the Dean of living Historical Revisionists, who wrote:

> It is the republication of books such as *Perpetual War for Perpetual Peace* which does so much to discommode and annoy the beneficiaries of the New World Order.

Discommode and annoy the enemies of historical truth and freedom of research it did—virtually the entire stock of ***Perpetual War*** was destroyed in the terrorist arson attack on the Institute's offices and warehouse on the Orwellian date of July 4, 1984.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Letters

Consistently Outstanding

I have read every issue of the "new" *Journal* since the change in format that began with the issue of January-February 1993. From the beginning I have been very pleased with the new directions in which the editors have taken the magazine, but I did not want to write an early letter of congratulations only to find that the "new" *Journal* was unable to maintain the high standards set in the first issue.

Now, a year and a half later, it is clear that the magazine goes only from strength to strength. Every issue is unfailingly informative, provocative and well-researched.

I especially applaud your willingness to broaden the *Journal*'s coverage to include American as well as European history, and am delighted to find that your writers are as familiar with the former as they are with the latter.

Please accept my thanks for a consistently outstanding magazine and my best wishes for ever-greater success in your important work.

T. J.
Louisville, Ky.

History Comes Alive

Reading Leon Degrelle's *Hitler, Born at Versailles*, I was really astonished by the author's grasp of the details of European history, which verges on the encyclopedic. Even more I was impressed by his uncanny ability to make history come alive. I compare his prose style with Barbara Tuchman's in *The Guns of August*. Three cheers for both Degrelle and his translator.

For a book of this sort, some maps would have been very helpful. For example, I know where Silesia is but am a bit vague about "Upper Silesia."

Reading Degrelle's book changed certainly changed some of my ideas, but not all:

• He managed to convince me that both France and Russia were far more blame*worthy* for the outbreak of World War I than is generally supposed, but he failed to convince me that Germany was entirely blame*less*. He makes no mention whatever of the strident and threatening quality of the rhetoric that was coming out of Germany prior to 1914. It was such talk that drove France into making its fateful alliance with Russia.

• Contrary to everything I had been told, Degrelle persuasively points out that the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine — contested for years between France and Germany — were in fact mainly German in both language and sentiment. (Could this condition perhaps have been result of a period of deliberate colonization by Germans?)

• One of the drawbacks of a democracy is that, in order to mobilize its people for a stupendous enterprise like a world war, only the most emotion-charged of war aims will suffice. Prosaic slogans about "maintaining the balance of power in Europe," for example, would never do. It had to be a Crusade against Evil. As the propagandistic atrocity stories of World War I show, we had to expect that the truth would be bent and stretched to mobilize people to action. It takes a lot of time and cooling down before the truth surfaces.

• While I had always known that the Versailles Treaty was pretty severe, I had no idea just how harsh it really was, or how vindictive was the spirit that motivated it. Realistically, though, what would one expect after a horrible four-year convulsion like the Great War? Reason? Moderation? A long-term view of matters? Not after so much blood and suffering, not after passions had been inflamed to white heat. Degrelle argues that if the Allied powers had not been so beastly to defeated Germany in 1918-1919, it would not have struck back so furiously 20 years later. He could be right, but I am inclined to think he is not.

• While the treatment meted out to Hungary by the Allies in the aftermath of World War I — including severe dismemberment — was very harsh, it was not entirely undeserved. Hungary's pre-1914 record of oppressing its national minorities was a very bad one. One should also remember that its victims included both Slovaks and Croats, peoples for whom Degrelle showed great sympathy (provided their oppressors were Czechs or Serbs). With regard to Degrelle's claims of "injustices" inflicted by the redrawn boundaries, there is no way to draw the political boundaries of Central/Eastern Europe *without* inflicting grave injustices. The various nationalities are just too mish-mashed together.

• Until reading *Hitler, Born at Versailles*, I had supposed — having reached my mid-60s — that I had no illusions left to be shattered. I saw my mistake when Degrelle stripped several coats of whitewash from interwar Poland and Czechoslovakia — countries we had been trained to regard as "model democracies." When considering the interwar phenomena of "Greater Serbia," "Greater Poland," and "Greater Czechoslovakia," I am not so sure that Europe's states during the 1930s can be divided into "good guy" and "bad guy" categories. They all begin to look as though cut from pretty much the same cloth.

• Most Americans regarded Hitler's rantings against the Czechs and Poles in 1938 and

1939 as nothing more than baseless and self-serving propaganda rhetoric. After reading Degrelle, I now have to admit that Germany *did* have genuine grievances against both.

• In response to the article on "The Jewish Role in the Bolshevik Revolution" in the Jan.-Feb. 1994 *Journal*, I wrote a letter in which I attempted to mitigate the extent of Jewish responsibility for what happened in Russia. Degrelle's account of the short-lived Communist takeovers in Bavaria and Hungary in 1919 has shown me that I was almost certainly wrong; not only wrong but naive as well. Those horrific events certainly do much to explain why people in Central (and especially Eastern) Europe turned so fiercely against the Jews in the 1930s and 1940s. European memories are long ones.

Richard G. Phillips
Pepperell, Mass.

Enlightening

Congratulations on your excellent article about the Jewish role in Soviet Communism (*JHR*, Jan.-Feb. 1994). I have shown it to numerous scientists and college professors, and all were impressed and enlightened.

Paul Grubach
Lyndhurst, Ohio

Dire Threat

Your piece on George Will [in the Nov.-Dec. 1993 issue] was excellent. He, along with the rest of the "Amen Corner," are a dire threat to freedom in the United States.

(Dr.) Alfred Lilienthal
Washington, D.C.

Minor Weaknesses

Thank you for sending me the Jan.-Feb. issue of the *Journal*, which includes Weber's review of my book *Streitpunkte* as well as Prof. Warren's interview with me. I wonder if the *Journal* has ever published so much about and by an "exterminationist"? It's a good sign of objectivity.

Weber's review is quite good. There are only minor weaknesses, the most striking of which is that he does not always make a clear distinction between my representations of what other authors have written, and my own views (which are perhaps not always clear). For example, I do not agree with Hans Mommsen's opinion of Hitler as a "weak dictator," and it is not my view that a degree of administrative chaos may be an integral feature of "every modern liberal democratic state." Rather, this may be a feature of *all* states in times of emergency, *including* liberal democratic ones.

Prof. Warren's interview is also very good, although there are some minor misunderstandings that I must have overlooked: younger historians such as Martin Broszat had no experience during the period before 1933 (not 1945), and Armin Mohler is not be counted among those who came from the Left. It is not true that the "*whole* of the so-called German [wartime] resistance" belonged to the former Right, but rather only *that part* which was able to act in a relevant way. But these are rather minor points, and there is hardly an interview that is entirely free of such misunderstandings.

(Prof.) Ernst Nolte
Berlin, Germany

Durable Myths

The unhappiness evidenced by Carl Hottelet in his critical comments about Wilton's book, *The Last Days of the Romanovs* (letter, March-April 1994 *Journal*, pp. 46-47), stems, I believe, from frustration that the myths of German guilt for the First World War still live on, while the guilt of France, Russia and England continues to be ignored.

Especially galling is the durability of the tales of German atrocities during that war. Although these stories are 180 degrees contrary to historical fact, they continue to smear and libel a great people.

During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, a French newspaper sadly noted the sharp contrast between the behavior of the thoroughly disciplined Prussian troops, and that of "our own drunken hordes." In 1914, a group of newspaper war correspondents traveling with German General von Kluck's Army Group commented on the severity of the punishment meted out to his troops for even slight breaches of discipline.

While the vilification of Germany and the German people continues with no letup, Marxism — the most evil and destructive form of government in history — continues be promoted by avowed Marxists in our universities.

Russia's Tsar may well have been stupid, as Hottelet writes, to "allow himself and his country to be sucked into the Anglo-French aggression against Germany." But what the Tsar hoped to gain was the destruction, once-and-for-all, of the rival Ottoman Empire and control of Constantinople and the Straits — Russia's centuries-old dream. France and England had equally "good" reasons for their unprovoked aggression against Germany.

P. H.
Norwalk, Calif.

Fundamental Contribution

Your exposition of Auschwitz in the Fall 1992 *Journal*, in the context of the "*Sterbebücher*" (camp death certificate volumes) is a fundamental contribution to this episode in history. I had no idea that some 86 percent of Auschwitz' Jewish inmates were officially designated as "*Arbeits-unfähig*" (unemployable). That being so, Auschwitz could not be called a labor camp. And the relatively high proportion of inmates who died of "weakness of old age." What, then, was Auschwitz? A detention camp were some work was done? And yet, with the Auschwitz III (Monowitz) works, it was part of a great chemical manufacturing complex.

Leon Degrelle's retrospective in the same issue, "How Hitler Consolidated Power in Germany

and Launched a Social Revolution," is superb.

Finally, John Ries' article, "History's Greatest Naval Disasters," on the 1945 sinkings of three German refugee ships, is of profound interest.

Carl Hottelet
Toms River, N.J.

New ADL Campaign?

I was glad to see the amazing quote by Abraham Foxman, national director of the Anti-Defamation League, reproduced in the March-April *Journal* (p. 41). It might be observed that this is the Jewish equivalent of the "deicide" charge (i.e. "Christ killers") traditionally leveled against Jews.

The January issue of *ADL On the Frontline* — the ADL newsletter from which the Foxman quote is taken — also confirmed my suspicion that there is now an ADL operation to link revisionism with vandalism and violence. The first sign I noted was the article in the *Chicago Tribune* (Feb. 3) by Jon Hilkevitch and Emily Gurnon, quoting ADL functionary Richard Hirschhaut as blaming some Chicago arsons of Jewish institutions on our "followers." Then there was the Feb. 5 airing of Joel Weisman's "Chicago Week in Review" panel discussion in which Hilkevitch said:

> Bradley Smith, who's a white supremacist, up till now has been able to travel around the country and go to college campuses, such places as Berkeley . . . and garner large audiences . . . these people aren't getting that soapbox anymore — it's starting to change and there are statistics showing that they are moving from rhetoric to vandalism to actually personal attacks.

I got in touch with Bradley about this. As for the arsons, three Palestinians were subsequently arrested for one of them.

This January issue of *ADL On the Frontline* (p. 3) claims a "growing connection between Holocaust denial and anti-Semitic vandalism," giving as examples cemetery desecration in Stockholm, which is blamed ("leaders fighting anti-Semitism link") on Ahmed Rami [who spoke at the 1992 IHR Conference], and arsons and vandalism in Australia, blamed on "Holocaust deniers and Nazi apologists." Yes, this appears to be the start of a premeditated propaganda campaign.

Enclosed are recent (April 7 & 8) items clipped from the *Daily Northwestern* [student paper of Northwestern University, where Dr. Butz teaches]. Even here one finds a suggestion that revisionism has something to do with "anti-Semitic incidents on college campuses."

(Dr.) Arthur R. Butz
Evanston, Ill.

Reflections of a Former German Soldier

I saw one of the films in the famed "Why We Fight" wartime series for the first time at an IHR conference some years ago. This series of official US armed forces documentary-style propaganda films was designed to promote feelings of hatred against the German and Japanese enemies. During the Second World War I was a German soldier and a "Fahnenjunker" trained to become an officer. I do not remember even a single German movie to match the hatefulness of those in Frank Capra's "Why We Fight" series.

Nor did the regular German cinema show such hatefilled movies. German wartime propagandistic films, such as "Ohm Krueger," "The Titanic," "Kolberg," "Fox of Glenarvon," "A Life For Ireland," and "Refugees," were directed rather against the enemies' political systems. Only three of the twelve hundred movies released during the twelve-year Third Reich were anti-Jewish: "The Eternal Jew," "The Rothschilds," and "The Jew Suess."

During this same period, and in the years since, Hollywood has turned out oodles of anti-German films. One might suppose that because they are so embarrassingly hateful and simplistic, such movies would be locked up and shown only to scholars researching the insanities of our age. But even the wartime movies are still being shown on American television, apparently to influence attitudes and behavior even today. The other evening, for example, I saw "Hitler's Children," a particularly grotesque wartime Hollywood production. Supposedly depicting life in my boyhood hometown of Berlin, it portrayed young boys like me and my schoolmates as cruel, mindless automatons. We were shown beating up American kids attending the American school, and, of course, chanting "Today Germany, Tomorrow the World."

To another matter: I have doubts about the very high death-rate figures given by James Bacque in his book, *Other Losses*. As a German prisoner of war, I spent nearly a year at Central Continental Prisoner of War Enclosure No. 15, Attichy, France. I first worked for about four months for Sam Gordon, a US Army mail sergeant who changed my status in September 1945 from DEF ("Disarmed Enemy Forces") to regular POW ("Prisoner of War"). I then worked as a telephone switchboard operator from December 1945 to June 1946. Although food in the holding cages amounted to very, very little, I recall that the death rate was low.

Dieter W. Schmidt
La Mesa, Calif.

Appreciation

Wishing you all the best, with appreciation for destroying the unwarranted faith I had in the mendacious agitprop of "respectable" historians.

M. A. H.
Port Orchard, Wash.

We welcome letters from readers. We reserve the right to edit for style and space.

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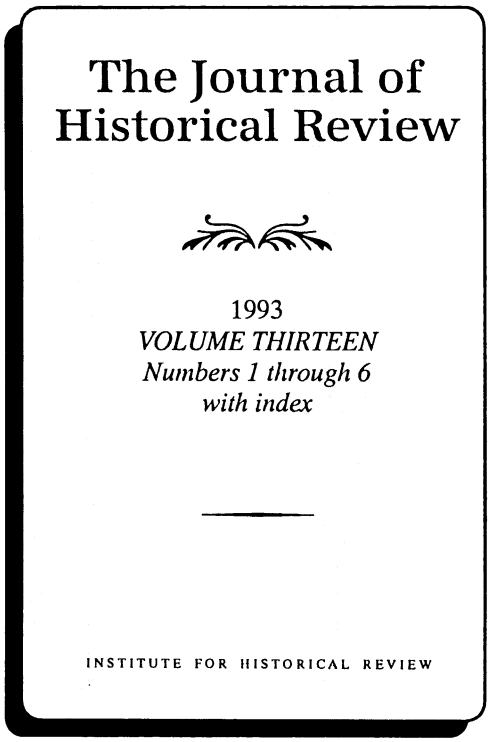

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